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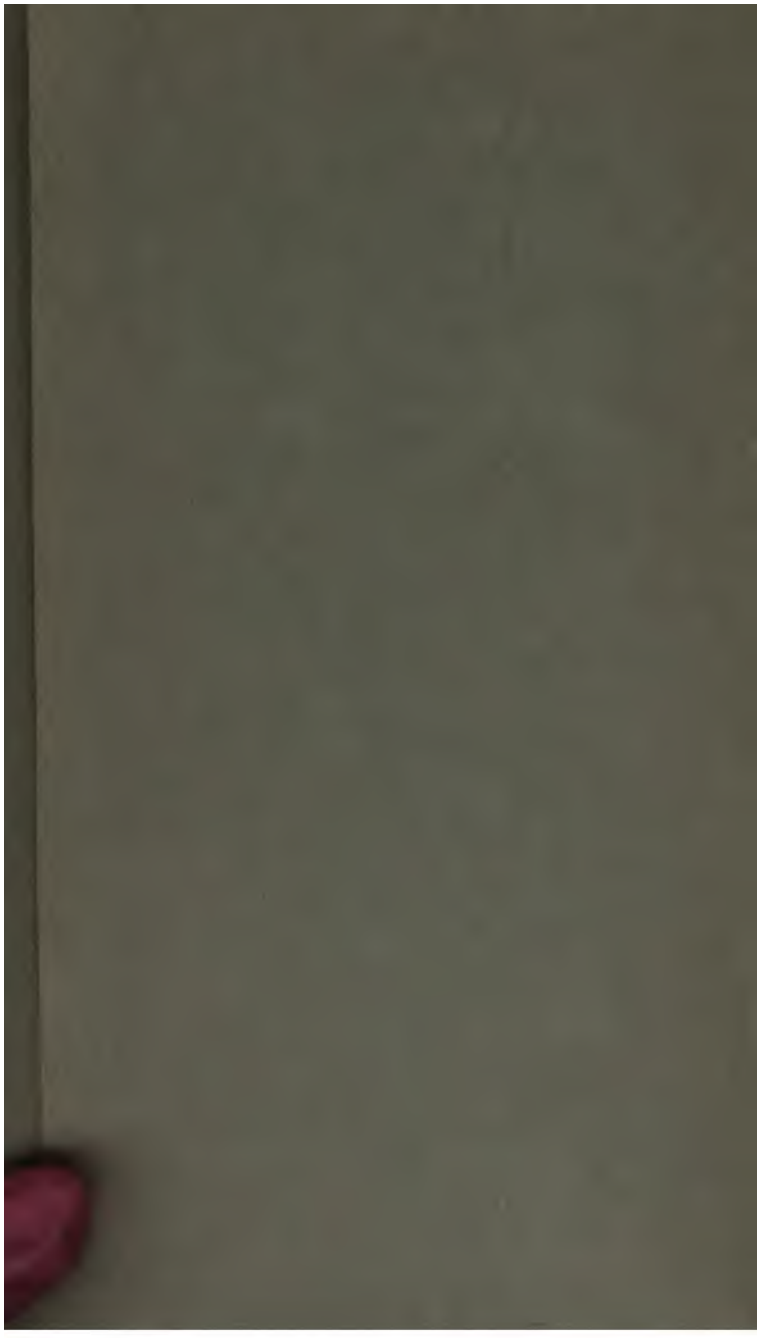

VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT.

VOL. I.

VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF THE CASTLE CUMBER PROPERTY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," "FARDOROUGHA, THE MISER," "JANE SINCLAIR," &c. &c.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

It was not my intention to have written any Preface to this book, but to have allowed it simply to speak for itself. As it is very likely, however, that both it and the motives of its author may be misrepresented by bigotted or venal pens, I think it necessary to introduce it to the reader by a few brief observations. In the first place, then, I beg to say, that the work presents phases of Irish life and manners that have never been given to the public before by any other writer upon the same subject. So far therefore, the book is a perfectly new book—not merely to the Irish people, but also to the

English and Scotch. I know not whether the authenticity of the facts and descriptions contained in it may be called in question; but this I *do* know, that there is not an *honest man*, on either side, who has lived in the north of Ireland, and reached the term of fifty years, who will not recognise the conduct and language of the northern Orangemen as just, truthful, and not one whit exaggerated. To our friends across the Channel it is only necessary to say, that I was born in one of the most Orange counties in Ireland (Tyrone)—that the violences and licentious abuses of these armed civilians were perpetrated before my eyes—and that the sounds of their outrages may be said still to ring in my ears.

I have written many works upon Irish life, and up to the present day the man has never lived who could lay his finger upon any passage of my writings, and say "*that is false.*" I can-

not, however, avoid remarking here, that within the last few years, a more enlarged knowledge of life, and a more matured intercourse with society, have enabled me to overcome many absurd prejudices with which I was imbued. Without compromising, however, the *truth* or *integrity* of any portion of my writings, I am willing to admit, which I do frankly, and without hesitation, that I published in my early works passages which were not calculated to do any earthly good; but, on the contrary, to give unnecessary offence to a great number of my countrymen. It is due to myself to state this, and to say, that in the last edition of my works I have left as many of these passages out as I readily could, without diminishing the interest, or disturbing the narrative.

A *fortiori*, then, this book may be considered as full of truth and fidelity as any I have ever written; and I must say, that in writing it

I have changed no principle whatsoever. I am a liberal Conservative, and, I trust, a rational one; but I am not, nor ever was, an Orangeman; neither can I endure their exclusive and arrogant assumption of loyalty, nor the outrages which it has generated. In what portion of my former writings, for instance, did I ever publish a line in their favour, or in favour of any secret and illegal confederacy?

Again, with regard to the Landlords and Agents, have I not written a tale called the "Poor Scholar," and another called "Tubber Derg?" in both of which their corruptions and oppressions are exposed. Let it not be mistaken. The two great curses of Ireland are bad Landlords and bad Agents, and in nineteen cases out of every twenty, the origin of the crime lies with the Landlord or Agent, instead of the tenant.

With respect to the Established Church

of forty years ago, if there is any man living who asserts that I have not *under-drawn* her, rather than otherwise, he is less intimate with truth than I could wish. On this subject I challenge and defy inquiry. I grant you she is much changed for the better now; but yet there is much to be done in her still. It is true Irishmen at present get Mitres, a fact which was unknown forty years ago. We have now more Evangelicism, and consequently more sleekness and hypocrisy, more external decorum, and, I would also trust, more internal spirituality. We have now many eminent and pious Prelates in the Church, whose admirable example is enough even to shame the Clergymen under them into a sense of their duty. It is to be wished that we had many more such as they, for they are wanted. The Irish Evangelical party are certainly very numerous, and they must pardon me a slight anacronism or two regarding them, concerning what has been

termed the Modern Reformation in these volumes. Are those who compose this same party, by the way, acquainted with their own origin? If not, I will tell them. They were begotten by the active spirit of the Church of Rome, upon their own establishment, when she was asleep; so that they owe their very existence to those whom they look upon as their enemies; and if it were only for this reason alone, there ought to be more peace between them. In England the same spirit has effected a similar seduction on *that* Establishment, but with this difference, that the Puseyites are a much more obedient and dutiful progeny than the Irish Evangelicals—in as much as they have the grace to acknowledge the relationship.

This book was written to exhibit a useful moral to the country. It will startle, I humbly trust, many a hard-hearted Landlord and flagitious Agent into a perception of their duty, and it will show the negligent and reck-

less Absentee how those from whose toils and struggles he derives his support, are oppressed, and fleeced, and trampled on in his name.

It will also teach the violent and bigotted Conservative—or, in other words, the man who *still* inherits the Orange sentiments of past times —a lesson that he ought not to forget. It will also test the whole spirit of modern Conservatism, and its liberality. If there be at the press, or any where else, a malignant bigot, with great rancour and little honesty, it is very likely he will attack my book; and this, of course, he is at liberty to do. I deny, however, that modern Conservatism is capable of adopting or cherishing the outrages which disgraced the Orangemen of forty years ago, or even of a later period. And for this reason I am confident that the Conservative Press of Ireland will not only sustain me but fight my battles, if I shall be ungenerously attacked. Let them look upon these

pictures, and if it ever should happen that arms and irresponsible power shall be entrusted to them, perhaps the recollection of their truth may teach them a lesson of forbearance and humanity towards those who differ from them in creed, that may be of important service to our common country. If so, I shall have rendered a service to that country, which, as is usual, may probably be recognized as valuable, when perhaps my bones are mouldering in the clay, and my ear insensible to all such acknowledgments.

As for myself, I have been so completely sickened by the bigotted on each side, that I have come to the determination, as every honest Irishman ought, of knowing no party but my country, and of devoting such talents as God has given me, to the promotion of her general interests, and the happiness of her whole people.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER 24, 1844.

VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT.

CHAPTER I.

AN IRISH FAIR AND SPOILEEN TENT—A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL—AN UNDER AGENT—AN OLD IRISH SQUIRE AND UNION LORD.

THE town of Castle Cumber it is not our intention to describe at more length, than simply to say, that it consists of two long streets, intersecting each other, and two or three lanes of cabins—many of them mud ones—that stretch out of it on each side at right angles. This street, and these straggling appendages, together with a Church, a Prison, Court-house, a Catholic chapel, a few shops, and half a dozen public houses, present to the spectator all the features that are generally necessary for the description of that class of remote country towns of which we write. Indeed, with the exception of an ancient Stone Cross, that stands in the middle of the street, and a Fair green, as it is termed, or common, where its two half-yearly fairs are held, and which lies at the

west end of it, there is little or nothing else to be added. The fair I particularly mention, because on the day on which the circumstances I am about to describe occurred, a fair was held in the town, and upon the green in question. The month was December—the day stormy and unpropitious. There had been a deep snow and hard frost for nearly three weeks before; but now the aspect of the white earth contrasted wildly with the large masses of black clouds which hung motionless in the air, and cast a dark and gloomy spirit not only over the appearance of inanimate nature, but into the heart of man himself.

About noon, just when the whole fair had been assembled, the storm commenced with wind, sleet, and rain. Never was a more striking or unexpected change produced. Women tucked up nearly to the knees, their garments, soaked with wet, clinging to their bodies and limbs, as if a part of themselves—men drenched and buttoned up to the chin—all plashing through the slippery streets, their shoes spouting with snow-broth—the falling of tents—the shouting against the loudness of the storm, in order to be heard—the bleating of sheep, lowing of cattle, the deafening and wild hum of confused noises—all, when added to the roaring of the sweeping blast, the

merciless pelting of the rain, and the inclement character of the whole day, presented a scene that was tempestuous and desolate beyond belief. Age, decrepid and shivering — youth, benumbed and stiffened with cold—rich and poor, man and woman, all had evidently but one object in view, and that was shelter.

Love, charity, amusement, business, were all either disappointed, or forced to suspend their operations, at least for the present. Every one ran or walked as quickly as possible, with the exception of some forenoon drunkard, who staggered along at his ease, with an eye half insolent and half stupid, careless, if not unconscious of the wild uproar, both elemental and otherwise, by which he was surrounded.

Nay, the very beggars and impostors—to whom, in general, severe weather on such occasions is a god-send, as it presents them to their fellow-creatures in a more pitiable aspect—were glad to disperse. In truth, the effect of the storm upon them was perfectly miraculous. Many a poor creature, blind from birth or infancy, was gifted with, or restored to excellent sight; the maimed were suddenly cured—the deaf made to hear—the dumb to speak—and the sturdy baccagh, or cripple, bounded away, at

the rate of six miles an hour, cursing the whole thing as a bad spec—a dead failure.

Solemn assignations of long promise, rustic courtships, and earnest match-makings, were all knocked up, unless in the case of those who had availed themselves of the early part of the day. Time and place, in fact, were completely forgotten by the parties, each being anxious only to secure the nearest and most commodious shelter. Nay, though ashamed to write it, we are bound to confess that some of our countrymen were ungallant enough, on meeting with their sweethearts, fairly to give them the slip, or only to recognise them with a kind of dreary and equivocal salutation, that might be termed a cross between a wink and a shiver. Others, however, gallantly and magnanimously set the tempest at defiance, or blessed their stars for sending them an opportunity of sitting so close to their fair inamoratas, in order that their loving pressure might, in some degree, aided by a glass of warm punch, compensate the sweet creatures for the unexpected drenching they had got.

It has been well observed, that there is no class of life in which instances of great virtue and fortitude may not be found; and the justness of the apothegm was fully corroborated here. Cold, bitter,

tempestuous, and terrible as was the day, amidst rain, wind, sleet, and hail, there might be seen, in a thoroughfare about the centre of the town, a cripple, apparently paralytic from the middle down, seated upon the naked street, his legs stretched out before him, hirpling onward, by alternately twisting his miserable body, from right to left; while, as if the softer sex were not to be surpassed in feats of hardihood or heroism, a tattered creature, in the shape of woman, without cap, shoe, or stocking, accompanied by two naked and shivering children, whose artificial lamentations were now lost in those of nature, proceeded up the street, in the very teeth of the beating tempest, attempting to sing some dismal ditty, with a voice which resembled the imagined shriekings of a goul, more than the accents of a human being. These two were the only individuals who, in the true spirit of hardened imposture, braved all the fury of the elements in carrying out their principles—so true is it, that a rogue will often advance farther in the pursuit of a knavish object, than an honest man will in the attainment of a just one. To them may be added the poor fool of the town, Joe Lockhart, who, from his childhood, was known to be indifferent to all changes of weather, and who now, elated by the festive spirit

of a fair day, moved about from place to place, without hat or shoe—neither of which he ever wore —just with as much indifference as if it had been a day in the month of June.

If the inclemency of the day, however, was injurious to the general transaction of business, there was one class to whose interests it amply contributed—I mean the publicans, and such as opened *shebeen* houses, or erected refreshment tents for the occasion. In a great portion of Ireland there are to be found, in all fairs, what the people term *spoileen* tents—that is, tents in which fresh mutton is boiled, and sold out, with bread and soup, to all customers. I know not how it happens; but be the motive or cause what it may, scarcely any one ever goes into a *spoileen* tent, unless in a mood of mirth and jocularity. To eat spoileen seriously, would be as rare a sight as to witness a wife dancing on her husband's coffin. It is very difficult, indeed, to ascertain the reason why the eating of fresh mutton in such circumstances is always associated with a spirit of strong ridicule and humour. At all events, nothing can exceed the mirth that is always to be found among the parties who frequent such tents— Fun, laughter, jest, banter, attack, and rapartee fly about in all directions, and the only sounds heard are those of light-hearted noise and enjoyment.

Perhaps if the cause of this were closely traced, it might be found to consist in a sense of shame, which Paddy good-humouredly attempts to laugh away. It is well known that the great body of the people pass through life, without ever tasting either beef or mutton—a circumstance which every one acquainted with the country knows to be true. It is also a fact, that nineteen out of every twenty who go in to eat spoileen, are actuated more by curiosity than hunger, inasmuch as they consist of such persons as have never tasted it before. This, therefore being generally known, and each possessing a latent consciousness of its truth, it is considered best to take the matter in good humour, and escape the shame of the thing, together with the poverty it implies, by turning it into ridicule and jest. This indeed, is pretty evident, from the nature of the spoileen keeper's observations on being paid, which is usually—"Thank you, Barney; you may now considher yourself a gintleman;" or if a female—"Long life to you, Bridget; you may now go into high life any time."

It is unnecessary to say, that on the day in question, the spoileen tents were crowded to suffocation. In general these are pretty large, sometimes one, occasionally two fires being kept in each; over these,

placed upon three large stones, or suspended from three poles, united at top, is the pot or pots in which the spoileen is boiled; whilst patiently in a corner of the tent, stand the poor invalid sheep, that are doomed, as necessity may require, to furnish forth this humorous entertainment.

Truth to tell, there are many reasons why this feast is a comic one. In the first place, the description of mutton which they get is badly calculated to prejudice honest Paddy in favour of that food in general, it being well known that in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, the sacrifice falls upon disease, poverty, and extreme old age; or if there be any manifestation of humanity in the selection, it is—that while the tenderer sex is spared, the male one is in general certain to be made the victim, but never unless when he has been known to reach a most patriarchal length of years. Then the suddenness of the act which converts a portion of the venerable patriarch into a component part of honest Paddy, is equally remarkable; for it generally happens that the animal now standing in a corner of the tent, will in about half an hour be undergoing the process of assimilation in his (Paddy's) gastric region. The elastic quality of the meat is indeed extraordinary, and such as with the knowledge of that fact, does sometimes render

Paddy's treat of *spoileen* to his sweet heart an act of very questionable gallantry. Be this as it may, there is scarcely any thing in life richer than to witness a tent of spoileen eaters in full operation. Tugging, pulling, dragging, tearing, swinging of the head from side to side, want of success, loss of temper, fatigue of jaw, recovery of good humour, and the wolfish rally, mingled with mock curses, loud laughter, shouting and singing, all going on together, are the ordinary characteristics of this most original banquet.

About the centre of the town stood one of those houses of entertainment, which holds rank in such towns as a second rate inn. On the day in question it was painfully overcrowded, and such was the hubbub of loud talk, laughter, singing, roaring, clattering of pewter pots, and thumping of tables, that it was almost impossible to hear or understand any thing in the shape of conversation. To this, however, there was one exception. A small closet simply large enough to hold a table, and two short forms, opened from a room above stairs looking into the stable yard. In this there was a good fire, at which sat two men, being with a bed and small table, nearly as many as it was capable of holding with ease.

One of these was a stout, broad shouldered person, a good deal knock-kneed, remarkably sallow in the

complexion, with brows black and beetling. He squinted, too, with one eye, and what between this circumstance, a remarkably sharp but hooked nose, and the lowering brows aforesaid, there was altogether about him a singular expression of acuteness and malignity. In every sense he was a person against whom you would feel disposed to guard yourself, whether in the ordinary intercourse of life and its transactions, or still more in the secret workings of the darker and more vindictive passions. He was what they call a down looking man; that is one who in conversation could never look you straight in the face, which fact, together with a habit of quivering observable in his upper lip, when any way agitated, gave unquestionable proof that his cowardice was equal to his malignity, as his treachery was to both. His age might be about fifty, or, perhaps, beyond it.

The other was a tall man, well featured, of a clear fresh complexion, a fine blue eye, and altogether, a kind, benevolent expression of countenance. He had been rather stout, but not robust, and might, perhaps, at the time we write of, be about the same age as his companion. He was evidently a man of respectability, well dressed, not badly educated, and on the present occasion wore good broad cloth and top boots. The contrast between him

and the other, was in nothing more striking than the honest, joyous, spirit of his laughter, which rang clearly and mellowly on your ear, leaving behind it an impression of candour, light-heartedness, and good nature, that could not be mistaken.

"It's idle talk to speak about going such a day as this," observed the beetle-browed man, who stirred up the fire with something that passed for a poker, in reply; "and to tell you the truth, upon my credit, Mr. M'Loughlin, I'm not sorry that we happened to meet. You're a man I've a sincere regard for, and always had—and on that account we'll have something more to drink." So saying, he stamped upon the floor, which was exactly over the bar, in order that some one might attend them with the liquor.

"I'm obliged to you, Val," replied his companion dryly, "for your good opinion of me; but at the same time, God forbid that ever I should deserve it—eh? ha, ha, ha. Well, well, *let* us have some drink, as you say, at all events; only it must be at my expense as well as the rest. Well, sure enough, you were the devil's whip-thong in your day, and if you haven't repented yet, all I can say is, there is little time to lose, if you wish to have a bright look up at the last day"—

"Ha, ha, go on, Mr. M'Loughlin, we all know

you, the same pleasant fellow you ever were, and upon my credit, as good a companion as any one could sit with. All I wish is that we had here more of the family on both sides, that the boys and girls might have something to whisper to one another."

"I didn't care we had, Val, my boy; but how on earth will we get home? Indeed such a terrible day I've seldom seen, for many years."

"Faith, it's good to have a dry roof over our heads, and a warm fire before us, at any rate. There's many a poor half-drowned devil in the fair, would give a trifle to change places with us; there is, upon my credit."

In a few minutes the refreshments came in, much to the satisfaction of the parties, who felt a strong sense of comfort, on contrasting the warmth of their snug little room, with the uproar of the storm that raged without, and spent its fury upon the cold, bleak, and almost deserted streets.

"I am glad, indeed, Mr. M'Loughlin," continued his companion, "that I happened to meet with you to-day—you and I are now neighbours, and surely we ought to live like neighbours.

"Well," replied M'Loughlin dryly, "and don't we do so? You haven't found me troublesome as a neighbour, have you? Eh, Val, my man?

"No," said the other, "certainly I have not—upon my credit I haven't, an' that's what I complain of; neither you nor your family associate with me or mine."

"Tut, Val, man," replied M'Loughlin, still in the same dry, ironical tone as before, "surely it's not long since you came to march us. It's only two years and a half since you wormed out the O'Hagans, then the farm lay near two years idle—ay—why, man, you're not four months our neighbour yet."

"No—not all out; still, Mr. M'Loughlin, somehow you don't treat me or my family as neighbours. If you have to borrow any thing, no matter what it is, you never come to me for it. It was only the other day that you wanted a rope to pull that breeding mare of your's out of the drain—and yet you sent past me near half a mile, up to Widow Lenehan's, to borrow it."

"Heavens pity you, Val, for it's a hard case; but every one has their troubles, and it seems you are not without your own, poor man—eh—ha! ha! ha!—Well, never mind, my friend; you're better off now for all that, than when you were only a process server on the estate; however, I'll tell you what, Val the Vulture—you see I can be neighbourly sometimes—just let me know whenever you stand in need of a rope

—mark, I don't say whenever you *deserve it*—and may I never taste worse liquor than this, but you shall have it with right good will, hoping still that you'll make a proper use of it—ha! ha! ha! Come, man, in the mean time take your liquor, an don't look as if you'd eat me without salt; for I tell you if you tried it, you'd find Brian M'Loughlin a tougher morsel than you imagine."

"If any body else spoke to me in the style you do, Brian, I'd not be apt to overlook it; upon my credit and reputation I would not."

"No, but you'd look round it may be, ha! ha! ha! but go on, vulture, who minds what *I* say?"

"Nobody to be sure, because you make one laugh whether they will or not."

"Faith, vulture dear, and that's what nobody can tax you with; or if you do, it's on the wrong side of the mouth you do it—and they say that same is but indifferent mirth, Val."

"I wish, Brian, you would sometimes speak seriously, and besides, you're always hard, too hard, upon me. Anything I did harshly, it was always in the discharge of my duty."

"Never mind, Val, the fewer of these old sores you rip up, the better for yourself—I'm not going to put you through your catechism about them. If

you're wise, let byegones be byegones; take that advice from me. Whatever tricks you may have practised, you're now a wealthy man, and for the same reason the world will help you to forget them, if you keep your toe in your pump."

"I *am* a wealthy man, and can set the world at defiance, if it goes to that; yes, Brian, a wealthier man than the world thinks—and as I said, I defy it."

"Faith, and you needn't, for the world won't put you to that trouble, at least a great part of it, if you were ten times the vulture you are, so long as you have a full purse. Eh, do you perceive me? ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, damn the devil, heaven pardon me for swearing, for it's a thing I hate——"

"——And yet, many a fat oath you've bolted in your time. Now on the nick of your conscience, Val darling, how many bibles did you wear out, by a long and honest course of hard swearing?—eh—ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Brian, I see there is little use in speaking to you, or being angry with you; you are a devilish pleasant hearty fellow, only something a little too rough about the tongue."

"Never mind, Val, by all accounts it would be easy to reckon them; but seriously, is it true that

the lower joint of your right thumb is horny, in sequence of having caught the character of your science from having kissed it so often ?"

" Go on, Brian, go on ; to be sure it is ; may say what they like—I'm not depending them, and I care little. But now, Brian, the one thing I *will* say, and I have long wished fo opportunity of saying it."

" That's my bully, out with it ; don't be das Val, you'll get over your modesty ; upon my c you will—ha ! ha ! ha !"

" D—n it, you can't be serious for a min but no matter, I *will* out with it—here's your h and fireside, in the mean time !" Brian merely no in reply, but said nothing. " Now you know, B your farm and mine lie very snugly beside another ; observe that *that's what I begin with.*

" Very good."

" Again, your family and mine live very clo one another too."

" Very good."

" Now, what if part of the farms, and part o families were to become united, and get sp together, eh ?"

" Very good, very good."

" Well, but do you really think so, Brian ?"

"Go on, if you please, and let us hear more of it; state your case, as you say at the sessions."

"Well, then, there's your daughter Mary, a handsome girl, and, by all accounts, as good as she is handsome—and there's my son Phil, who, excepting the *cast**—is—but, at any rate, if he's no beauty, he's a stout young fellow, for you know yourself that that little closeness about the knees is always a sign of strength."

"That little closeness, Val!—why, vulture darling, isn't one knee sugar candy, and the other licking it?—but go on, it's not bad for so far, go on; upon my credit it's not."

"I am glad you like it for so far—then seriously, what would you think of a marriage between them?"

"Devil a prettier move you could make, Val. As you say, the farms and the families lie convenient to one another—and I don't see what's to prevent your proposal from being realized. You'll do well for Phil, of course—for although he has the squint in both eyes, instead of only in one, like yourself—and is twisted very much about the knees, more than you are a good deal—still Val—neighbour Val, as I now may call you—he is a stout, left legged, round shouldered blade; and I question whether the red

* Squint.

poll does not become him better than a black one like yours would."

"Why, I grant you, Brian, that he looks better on horseback than on foot, and when mounted on 'Handsome Harry,' with top boots and spurs, it's not on every high-way you could meet his equal."

"Devil a lie in *that*, Val—nor a boy better made to ride or shoot round a corner you could not meet in Europe—but never mind; go on, Val—go on, my friend; no, faith, on hill or in hollow, it would not be easy to match him."

"He'd make an excellent good husband."

"He would not be *your* son if he did not—well?"

"Well, as to that, if the truth was known, I know where the blame would lie—your daughter will not be the shrew and scold to him, that my blister was to me—upon my credit she won't."

"Devil a lie in that either, Val—well, well—oh! I'll take my oath she won't."

"I don't see why he and she might not be very happy together—you are able to do handsomely for her, as report goes."

"And willing, Val, and a bad father I'd be, if I were not."

"Well then, Brian, so far all looks fair, and devilish glad I am that I broached the thing at once. I have

been thinking of it ever since I came to the neighbourhood—upon my credit I have."

"Faith, and so am I glad of it—but what's to be done next, Val darling?"

"Why the less time that's lost upon it the better—we must bring the youngsters together till they get acquainted—then we can have another meeting, and settle the match out of hand. Did you ever see Phil on 'Handsome Harry'?"

"Didn't I?—to be sure I did—and upon my word, Val, he's a credit to the horse he rides, as the horse is to him—a comely couple they are in truth. But, Val, or neighbour Val, as I now may call you, don't you think it would be better to wind up this business now that our hand's in for it? Let us hear what you'll do, and I'll follow you on my part, for there's no use in losing time about it—upon my credit there's not."

"What would you think, then, of the farm we're in now—that is, the O'Hagan property, as you call it? Suppose I give him that, what will you come down with for the girl? I know it can't be under three hundred—come say three hundred, and it's a match."

"Three hundred! Ah! Val, you're too soft—too moderate—too mild—indeed you are—why

three hunderd would be nothing against the O'Hagan property, as you call it—and, indeed, I don't intend to put my daughter off under five hundred, and that's nearly double what three is—eh, Val, what do you say, upon your credit now?"

"Faith, I'll not quarrel with you if you make it six or eight."

"Well now," said M'Loughlin, rising up, whilst his honest features were lit with indignation, "this joke or this impudence on your part, has gone far enough—listen to me. What did I or my family do, I ask my own conscience in the name of God—what sin did we commit—whom did we oppress—whom did we rob—whom did we persecute—that a scoundrel like you, the bastard spawn of an unprincipled profligate, remarkable only for drunkenness, debauchery, and blasphemy—what, I say, did I and my family do, that you, his son, who were, and are to this day, the low, mean, willing scourge of every oppressor, the agent of their crimes—the instrument of their villanies—you who undermined the honest man—who sold and betrayed the poor man—who deceived and misled the widow and her orphans, and rose upon their ruin—who have robbed your employers as well as those you were employed against—a double traitor—steeped in treachery, and perjured a

thousand times to the core of your black and deceitful heart—what crime, I say again, did I or mine commit—that we, whose name and blood has been without a stain for a thousand years, should suffer the insult that you have now offered us—eh, look me in the face now if you can, and answer me if you are able?"

M'Loughlin, as he concluded, calmly folded his arms, and looked at his companion resolutely, but sternly. The other, to do him justice, did certainly raise his head, and fix his evil eye upon him for a moment, but only for a moment—it dropped after a single glance; in truth, he quailed before M'Loughlin; his upper lip, as usual, quivered—his brow lowered, and looked black as midnight, whilst all the rest of his face became the colour of ashes. In fact, that white smile, which is known to be the very emblem of cowardice and revenge, sat upon his countenance, stamping on it at once the character of the spectre and the demon—a being to be both feared and hated."

"Well, Brian M'Loughlin," returned the other, hear me."

"Don't dare to Brian me, sir," returned M'Loughlin; "I'm a very humble man, and ought to be an humble man, for I know well what a sinner I

am before God—but for all that, and if it were against even religion itself—I feel too proud to suffer you to speak to me as you do—no—don't Brian me, but listen and let me show you what you are, and what you have been; I can't say what you *will* be, *that* does not lie with any but God."

"Well," said M'Clutchy, "go on; I now can hear you, and what is more, I wish to hear you—and whisper—*speak your worst.*"

It is said, that both cowardice and despair have their courage, and it would appear from the manner and action of this man, that he now felt actuated by some vague feeling resembling that which we have described. He rose up and said,

"Brian M'Loughlin, do you think I ever can forget this?"

"What do you mean by that?" said M'Loughlin, "look me in the face, I say, and tell me what you mean by it. I'm a man, and an honest man, and there's no treachery about me."

The sternness with which he spoke, made the other quail again.

"There was little in it," he replied, in a rebuked but cold and malignant spirit; "I didn't think you were so violent. I bore a great deal from you this day, Mr. M'Loughlin—a great deal, indeed, and so *patiently* as I bore it too; upon my credit I did."

M'Loughlin made no reply, but stamped on the floor, in order to bring up some person to whom he might pay the reckoning.

"You need not stamp," said the other, "this is my share of the reckoning."

"Your share, no: I told you before, it must not be yours. I wouldn't have it said, that bit or sup, paid for by your ill gotten wealth, should ever cross my lips—no, no."

The waiter, or rather waitress, a red haired, barefooted wench, now came up.

"Here," said M'Loughlin, "take the refreshment we've had last out of that, and keep the change to yourself. I have settled what we've had before, as well as this."

"And why not allow me to settle for this?" asked M'Clutchy.

"Because," replied this honest and respectable man, "I could not swallow a thimbleful of any thing paid for by your money; what is it? If I did I would dream for weeks of all that you have done, or if I didn't dream, the sorrows and the wrongs of my near relative, Widow O'Hagan and her family, would prevent me from sleeping; the Kellys that you've driven to beggary—the Gormleys that you got put out—good God! and who now holds their

places? your own cousin. It's useless however to mention all you've done. You, Val the Vulture, as the people call you, are one of those scourges that rise and flourish upon the distresses of the poor, and the injustice that you yourself bring upon them by your falsehood and calumny; and all because the property they live on is neglected by those that have a right to look after it. Ay, there is another of your white and cowardly laughs. Well you know that there is not a neglected estate in the country, but can produce another vulture like yourself, playing the same heartless pranks upon the poor people—lying, misrepresenting, swaggering over and robbing them, and that too, in the open face of day, merely because you think there is no one to bring you to an account.

"Now go home," he added, "and when next you want to get a wife for your spanking son, that's likely to become a squireen upon our hands, don't come to Brian M'Loughlin, who knows you from the pairing of the nails to the core of the heart."

M'Clutchy looked at him and laughed again; "before you go, at all events," he replied, "I hope you remember the observation I made when I introduced the discourse."

"I can't say I do," said M'Loughlin, "but I suppose you will let us hear it."

"I will," replied Val, and his brow darkened as before; "It was this—your farm and mine lie very snugly together—observe, I said, '*that's what I begin with*'—didn't I say that?"

"You did, and now what else do you say?"

"The very same thing—*that your farm and mine lie snugly together*—and *mark me*, Mr. M'Loughlin——"

"I do—oh, upon my credit I do—ha, ha, ha!"

"*Then, that's what I end with.*"

"Ah," replied M'Loughlin indignantly, "you think you have the ball at your own foot, now that old Topertoe is gone, and his son has made you his under agent. A nice job indeed it was, that transformed old drunken Tom Topertoe into Lord Cumber, and made his son the present Lord too proud to live on his own estate. However, I'd be glad to see the honest man that ever envied the same old Tom his title, when we all know that he got it for selling his country. As for you, Vulture, I defy and despise you; when my rent's due, thank God, I am able to pay it, so you may do your worst. While Mr. Hickman's over you, the tenants have some protection, in spite of your villainy, you unprincipled scoundrel."

"Our farms lie snugly together, Mr. M'Loughlin, and *that's what I end with.*"

It was from the town of Castle Cumber, which we have described at the opening of our narrative, that old Tom Topertoe, a squire of the true Irish kidney, took his title. Topertoe, or Lord Castle Cumber, as we must now call him, like many others, had the high honour of being a union lord—that is to say, his attachment to his principles was so steady, that he did not hesitate to sell his country for a title, and we may add, something besides. It is not our intention, at this distance of time, to discuss the merits of either the union or its repeal; but in justice to truth and honour, or, perhaps, we should rather say, to fraud and profligacy, we are constrained to admit, that there is not to be found in the annals of all history, any political negociation based upon such rank and festering corruption, as was the legislative union. Had the motives which actuated the English government towards this country been pure, and influenced by principles of equality and common justice, they would never have had recourse to such unparalleled profligacy. This is self evident, for those who seek an honourable end will scorn to obtain it by foul and dishonourable means. The conduct of England, therefore, in this

base and shameless traffic, is certainly a *primâ facie* evidence of her ultimate policy—a policy blacker in the very simplicity of its iniquity, than its worst enemies can paint it, and so obvious in its character, that we question whether a man could be found, of ordinary information, belonging to *any* party, capable at this moment of deliberately and conscientiously defending it, so far as pertains to that transaction. But enough of this.

Before the union, old Topertoe was master of three votes—that is, he sat himself for the county, and returned members for two boroughs. He was known by the soubriquet of *Pater Noster Tom*—not from any disposition to devotion; but because, whether in parliament, on the hustings, or, indeed, any where else, he never made a speech longer than the Lord's Prayer. And yet, short as it was, it generally puzzled the shrewdest and most sagacious of his audience to understand it. Still, though not without his faults, he was by no means a bad landlord, as landlords went. 'Tis true he was fond of his wine, and of his wench—as a proof of which, it was well known that he seldom or ever went to bed with less than four or five bottles under his belt; and as touching the latter, that he had two agents in pay, to cater for his passions. In both these

propensities, he was certainly countenanced by the usages and moral habits of the times; and the truth is, he grew rather popular than otherwise, precisely on account of them. He was bluff, boisterous, and not ill-natured—one of that bygone class who would horse-whip a tenant to-day, and fight a duel for him to-morrow. Above all things, he resided on his estate, knew all his tenantry by name and person, and contracted, by degrees, a kind of anomalous attachment for them, merely because they were his property, and voted and fought for him at elections, and often fought *with* him touching their relative positions as landlord and tenant. Indeed, we question whether he would not enter into a quarrel as readily for a tenant, as he would for a favourite dog or horse; and we are inclined to think, that to do him justice, he laid nearly as much value on the one as on the other—a circumstance which we dare say several of our modern landlords, both resident and absentee, will consider as, on our part, a good-humoured stretch of fiction.

His speech at elections absolutely became a proverb in the country; and, indeed, when we remember the good-natured license of the times, as many still may, together with the singular blending of generosity and violence, horse-whipping and protec-

tion, mirth and mischief, which characterised the bearing of such men as Topertoe, we are fain to think, to vary the proverb a little, that he might have spoken more, and fared worse.

"Here I am again, ye blaggards; your own ould Topertoe, that never had a day's illness, but the gout, bad luck to it. Damn your bloods, ye affectionate rascals, sure you love me, and I love you, and 'tisn't Gully Preston (his opponent) that can cut our loves in two. No, boys, he's not the blade to do that, at any rate! Hurra then, ye vagabones; ould Tom Topertoe for ever! He loves his bottle and his wench, and will make any rascal quiver on a daisy that would dare to say bow to your blankets. Now, Gully Preston, make a speech—if you can! Hurra for Tom Topertoe, that never had a day's illness, but the gout, bad luck to it! and don't listen to Gully Preston, boys! Hurra!"

This speech, from which he never varied, was waited for at elections with a vehemence of mirth, and a force of popularity, which no eloquence brought against him, could withstand. Indeed, it was perfectly well known that it alone returned him; for when upon an occasion of considerable doubt and difficulty, the two parties of the county having been considered as equally balanced, he was advised by

some foolish friend, or enemy in disguise, to address them in a serious speech, the consequences were near proving disastrous to his interests. When he commenced—"Gentlemen—upon an occasion of such important difficulty"—there was for about a quarter of a minute a dead silence—that of astonishment—Topertoe, however, who had stuck fast, was obliged to commence again—"Gentlemen—upon an occasion of such—" but it would not do, the groaning, shouting, hooting, and yelling, were deafening for some minutes, much to the gratification of his opponent. At length there was something like a pause, and several voices shouted out—"what the divil do you mane, Tom?" "He's showin' the garran bane at last," shouted another—"desartin' his colours!"—"oh! we're gintlemen now it seems, an' not his own blaggards, as we used to be—Topertoe's vagabones that stood by him—oh no! Tom, to hell wid you an your gintlemin—three cheers for Gully Preston!"

Tom saw it was nearly over with him, and Preston's hopes ran high. "Aisy, boys," said the other resuming his old, and, indeed, his natural manner—"Aisy, ye vagabones—Topertoe's ould speech fo ever! Here I am again, ye blaggards, that neve had a day's illness but the gout, bad luck to it!" &c &c. This was enough, the old feeling of fun an

attachment kindled up—the multitude joined him in his speech, precisely as a popular singer is joined by the gods of the upper gallery in some favourite air, and no sooner was it concluded, than the cheering, throwing up of hats, and huzzaing, gave ample proof that he had completely recovered his lost ground, and set himself right with the people.

Such is a brief sketch of old Topertoe, the first Lord of Castle Cumber, who, by the way, did not wear his honours long, the gout, to which he was a martyr, having taken him from under his coronet before he had it a year on his brow. He was one of the men peculiar to his times, or rather who aided in shaping them; easy, full of strong but gross impulses, quick and outrageous in resentment, but possessed of broad uncouth humour, and a sudden oblivion of his passion. Without reading or education —he was coarse, sensual, careless, and extravagant, having no stronger or purer principle to regulate him than that which originated in his passions or his necessities. Of shame or moral sanction he knew nothing, and consequently held himself amenable to the world on two points only—the laws of duelling and those of gaming. He would take an insult from no man, and always paid his gambling debts with honour; but beyond that, he neither feared

nor cared for any thing in *this* world—and, being a member of the Hellfire Club, he did not believe in the other. In fact he was the very man on whose peculiar temperament and character, a corrupt and wily politician might expect to impress his own principles with success. Topertoe was consequently not only the very man to sell his country, but to sell it at the highest price, and be afterwards the first to laugh, as he did, at his own corruption.

Of his eldest son, who of course succeeded to his rank and property there is not so much to be said at present, because he will appear, to some extent, as an actor in our drama. It is enough then to say here that he inherited his father's vices, purged of their vulgarity and grossness, without a single particle of his uncertain and capricious good nature. In his manners he appeared more of the gentleman, was lively, shallow, and versatile; but having been educated at an English School and an English College he felt, or affected to feel, all the fashionable prejudices of the day and of his class against his native country. He was an absentee from both pride and inclination, and it is not surprizing then that he knew but little of Ireland, and that that little was strongly to its disadvantage.

Another brother there was, whose unpretendin

character requires little else than merely that he should be named. The honourable Alexander Topertoe, who was also educated in England, from the moment his father stained what he conceived to be the honour of their family, by receiving a title and twenty thousand pounds, as a bribe for his three votes against a native Parliament—hung his head in mortification and shame, and having experienced at all times little else than neglect from his father and brother, he hurried soon afterwards to the continent with a heavy heart and a light purse, where for the present we must leave him.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS—BIRTH AND ORIGIN OF MR M'CLUTCHY — MR. HICKMAN, THE HEAD AGENT— DARBY O'DRIVE, THE BAILIFF—AND AN INSTRUCTIVE DIALOGUE.

TIME, which passes with a slow but certain pace had already crept thrice around his yearly circle since the fair already described in the town of Castle Cumber. The lapse of three years, however, had made no change whatsoever in the heart or principles of Mr Valentine M'Clutchy, although it had on his external manner and bearing. He now assumed more of the gentleman, and endeavoured to impress himself upon those who came in contact with him, as a person of great authority and importance. One morning after the period just mentioned had elapsed, he and his graceful son, "Mister Phil," were sitting in the parlour of Constitution Cottage, for so they were pleased to designate a house which had no pretension whatsoever to that unpretending appellation.

"So father," said Phil, "you don't forget that such was the treatment M'Loughlin gave you!"

"Why, I remember it, Phil; but you know, Phil, I'm a patient and a forgiving man notwithstanding; you know that, Phil;—ha, ha, ha!"

"That was certainly the worst case came across us yet," replied the son, "none of the rest ventured to go so far, even when you had less power than you have now."

"I didn't tell you all, Phil," continued the father, following up the same train of thought.

"And why not," said Phil, "why should you conceal any thing from me?"

"Because," replied the other, "I think you have heard enough for the present."

The fact was, that M'Clutchy's consciousness of the truth contained in M'Loughlin's indignant reproaches, was such as prevented him from repeating them, even to his son, knowing right well, that had he done so, they could not exactly have looked each other in the face without sensations regarding their own conduct, which neither of them wished to avow. There is a hypocrisy in villany sometimes so deep that it cannot bear to repeat its own iniquity, even in the presence of those who are aware of it, and in this predicament stood Valentine M'Clutchy.

"May be he has relented," said Phil, "or that he will give me his pretty daughter yet—and you

know they have the cash. The linen manufactory of M'Loughlin and Harman is flourishing.

"No, no, Phil," replied the father, "you must give her up—that's past—but no matter, I'll forgive him."

Phil looked at him and smiled, "Come, come, father," said he, "be original—that last is a touch of M'Slime—of honest Solomon. Keep back the forgiveness yet awhile, may be they may come round—begad, and upon my honour and reputation, I shouldn't wish to lose the girl—no, father, don't forgive them yet awhile."

"Phil, we'll do better for you, boy—don't be a fool, I say, but have sense—I tell you what, Phil," continued his father, and his face assumed a ghastly, deadly look, at once dark and pallid, "listen to me; —I'll forgive him, Phil, until the nettle, the chickweed, the burdock, the fulsome preshagh, the black fungus, the slimiest weed that grows—aye, till the green mould of ruin itself, grows upon the spot that is now his hearth—till the winter rain beats into, and the winter wind howls over, it."

"No marriage, then," said Phil.

"No marriage; but what keeps Darby O'Drive? the rascal should have been here before—oh no,"

said he, looking at his watch, "he has better than half an hour yet."

"What steps do you intend to take, father?"

"Phil, when I'm prepared, you shall know them. In the mean time leave me—I must write to M'Slime, or send to him. M'Slime's useful at a hint or suggestion, but, with all his wiliness and hypocrisy, not capable of carrying a difficult matter successfully out; he overdoes every thing by too much caution, and consequently gets himself into ridiculous scrapes, besides I cannot, and will not place full confidence in him. He is too oiley, and cants too much, to be trusted; I think, still, we may use him and overreach him into the bargain. Are you going into Castle Cumber?"

"I am."

"Well, drop these couple of letters in the post office, and tell Rankin he must have the carts finished by Monday next, at the farthest, or it will be worse for him. By the way, I have that fellow in my eye too—he had the assurance to tell me the other day, that he could not possibly undertake the carts until he had M'Loughlin's job at the manufactory finished. Off with you now, I see O'Drive and Hanlon coming up."

Graceful Phil in a few minutes was mounted in

his usual lofty state on "Handsome Harry," at dashed off to Castle Cumber.

It may not be improper here, before we proce farther, to give the reader some additional kno ledge of the parentage and personal history of M Valentine M'Clutchy, as well as a brief stateme concerning the Castle Cumber property, and t gentleman who acted in the capacity of head agen

The mother, then, of Valentine M'Clutchy, or he was more generally called, Val the Vulture, w daughter to the county gaoler, Christie Clank l name, who had risen regularly through all the gr dations of office, until the power of promotion cou no farther go. His daughter, Kate Clank, was celebrated beauty, and enjoyed a considerable exte of local reputation, independently of being a gre favourite with the junior portion of the grand jur Among the latter, however, there was one, a you squire of very libertine principles, named Deak whose suit to the fair Miss Clank proved more su cessful than those of his competitors, and the con quence was—the appearance of young Val. T reader, therefore, already perceives, that M'Cl chy's real name was Deaker; but perhaps he is n aware, that, in the times of which we write, it w usual for young unmarried men of wealth, not

suffer their illegitimate children to be named after them. There were, indeed, many reasons for this. In the first place, the mere fact of assuming the true name, was a standing argument of the father's profligacy. Secondly, the morals of the class and the period were so licentious, that the legitimate portion of a family did not like to be either outnumbered or insulted by their namesakes and illegitimate relatives, almost at every turn of the public roads. In the third place, a young man of this description could not, when seeking for a wife, feel the slightest inclination to have a living catalogue of his immoralities enumerated to her, under the names of Tom, or Dick, or Val so and so, all his children. This, of course, was an involuntary respect paid to modesty, and, perhaps, the strongest argument for suppressing the true name. The practice, however, was by no means universal; but in frequent instances it existed, and Val the Vulture's was one of them. He was named after neither father nor mother, but after his grandmother, by the gaoler's side. Deaker would not suffer his name to be assumed; and so far as his mother was concerned, the general tenor of her life rendered the reminiscence of her's any thing but creditable to her offspring. With respect to his education, Val's grati-

tude was principally due to his grandfather Cla
who had him well instructed. He himself, from t
beginning, was shrewd, clever, and intelligent, a
possessed the power, in a singular degree, of ada
ing himself to his society, whenever he felt it
interest to do so. He could, indeed, raise or depr
his manners in a very surprising degree, and w
an effort that often occasioned astonishment.
the other hand, he was rapacious, unscrupulo
cowardly, and so vindictive, that he was never kno
to forgive an injury. These are qualities to whi
when you add natural adroitness and talent, y
have such a character as has too frequently i
pressed itself, with something like the agreeable s
sations produced by a red hot burning iron, upon t
distresses, fears, and necessities of the Irish peopl

M'Clutchy rose from the humble office of proce
server, to that of bailiff's follower, bailiff, he
bailiff, barony constable, until, finally, he felt hi
self a kind of factotum on the Castle Cumber p
perty; and in proportion as he rose, so did his m
ners rise with him. For years before his introd
tion to our readers, he was the practical manager
the estate; and so judiciously did he regulate
own fortunes on it, that without any shameless
illegal breach of honesty, he actually contrived

become a wealthy man, and to live in a respectable manner. Much, however, will have more, and Val was rapacious. On finding himself comparatively independent, he began to take more enlarged, but still very cautious measures to secure some of the good things of the estate to him and his. This he was the better enabled to do, as he had, by the apparent candour of his manner, completely wormed himself into the full confidence of the head agent—a gentleman of high honour and integrity, remarkable alike for humanity and benevolence; but utterly without suspicion. Two or three farms, whose leases dropped, he most iniquitously took into his own hands, and so far wheedled the agent, that he induced that gentleman to think he was rendering a service to the property by doing so. The tenantry now began to murmur—a complaint came here, and another there—here was an instance of private and disguised oppression; and this was followed by a vindictive attempt to injure either the property or character of some one who had the courage to tell him what he thought of his conduct.

Val, apprehending that he might be outborne by too powerful a mass of testimony, contrived just then, through his misrepresentations to the agent, who still confided in him, and by the political influ-

ence of his father, the squire, who was the landlord's strongest electioneering supporter in the county, to get himself formally appointed under-agent. Feeling now quite confident in his strength, and that his hold on the prejudices, and, we may add, the ignorance of the absentee landlord, was as strong, if not stronger than those of the agent himself, he began to give a greater and less guarded scope to his natural principles. Mr. Hickman, the agent, had been strongly disgusted by the political profligacy with which the union was carried; and had, on more than one occasion, intimated a doubt whether, as an honest man, he could render political support to any one who had participated in its corruption, or recognised the justice of those principles on which it had been carried. All this gave M'Clutchy that imperturbable insolence which is inseparable from petty tyranny and licensed extortion. Day after day did his character come out in all its natural deformity. The outcry against him was not now confined to this portion of the property, or that—it became pretty general; and, perhaps, at the time we have brought him on the stage, there was not a man in Ireland, holding the situation he did, who was more feared and more detested.

Some time previous to this, however, Hickman's

eyes were opened to his undisguised character, and what he could do he did. On finding that the Vulture was reviving all the oppressive usages with which property in Ireland is so penally taxed, he immediately gave orders that such exactions should be discontinued by M'Clutchy, and resisted by the tenants. In spite of all this, however, there were upon the property many timid persons, who, dreading his malignity of purpose, still continued to yield to his avarice and rapacity that which nothing else, but a dread of his vengeance could extort from them. Thus did he feather his nest at the expense of their terrors.

Hickman, who had also been agent to old Topertoe, felt a kind of personal attachment to that good humoured reprobate, so long as he believed him to be honest. Old Tom's venality, however, at the union, made him rather sick of the connection, and the conduct, or rather the more expensive profligacy of the young absentee Lord, rendered his situation as an honest and humane agent, one of great pain to himself, considering his position between landlord and tenant.

He knew besides, that many men of his class had taken most scandalous advantages of the embarrassments which their dishonesty had occasioned in the

by O'Drive, for Hanlon, who was his assistant, durst not attempt such a thing in his presence; and if ever a knock conveyed the duplicity of the man who gave it, that did. Though, as we said, but a single one, yet there was no mistaking its double meaning. It was at once impudent and servile; it was impudent, as much as to say to the servants, "why don't you open the door quickly for a man who is so deep in your master's confidence as I am?" while to that master himself, it said, or seemed to say, "I am your creature, your instrument, your slave, ready to execute any oppression, any hardship, or villany, on which you can employ me."

It is said, and we believe with truth, that in military life no officer is so severe and oppressive as he who has risen from the ranks, and been most obsequious there. We do not doubt it, for the principle is a strong one in human nature, and is by no means confined to either the army or navy. At all events, shuffling, and cringing, and slinking Darby O'Drive presented himself to Val the Vulture. There was a downcast, cowardly, shy, uneasy, expression in his blank, straggling, features, that seemed to say, for God's sake spare my very life—don't annihilate me—here I am—you see through me—heart, spirit, and soul—body, lungs, and lights

—could I tell *you* a lie? No. Could I deceive *you*—such a man as you, that can look through me as if I was a lanthorn, or a pain of glass without a bull's eye in it. No! only let me live and I'll do your bidding.

"Well," said Val, in a sharp, imperious tone, "you're punctual for a wonder."

"God be praised for that," replied Darby, wiping the top of his nose with the finger and thumb of an old mitten, "heaven be praised that I'm not late."

"Hold your damned canting tongue, you knave, what place is this for it?"

"Knave! well I am then."

"Yes, you know you are—you are all knaves—every bailiff is a knave—ahem—unless, indeed, one in a thousand."

"It's truth, indeed, plaise your honour."

"Not but there's worse than you after all, and be damned to you."

"An' betther, sir, too, i' you plaise, for sure, God help me, I'm not what I ought to be."

"Well, mend then, why dont you? for you want it. Come now, no jaw, I tell you, but answer me what I am about to ask you; not a word now."

"Well, no then, plaise your honour, I won't in thrath."

"Did you warn the townland of Ballymacks

"Yis, plaise your honour."

"Are they ready—have they the rent?"

"Only some o' them, Sir—an other some i for time, the thieves."

"Who are asking for time?"

"Why the O'Shaughrans Sir—hopin', i that your honour will let them wait till the m rises, an' not be forced to sell the grain wh prices is so low now, that it would ruin them it's wondherful the onraisonableness of some p Says I, 'his honour, Mr. M'Clutchy, is only do duty; but a betther hearted or a kinder man bruk the world's bread than he is to them th sarves at his hands;' so, Sir, they began to— well, well, its no matther—I tould them they wrong—made it plain to them—but they wo be convinced, say what I might."

"Why, what did they say, were they abusi —I suppose so?"

"Och! the poor sowls, sure it was only igno and foolishness on their part—onraisonable cra all or most o' them is."

"Let me know at once what they said, you k or upon my honour and soul I'll turn you out o room and bring in Hanlon."

"Plaise your honour, he wasn't present—I left him outside, in regard that I didn't think he was fit to be trust—a safe witn—no matther, 'twas for a raison I had." He gave a look at M'Clutchy as he spoke, compounded of such far and distant cunning, scarcely perceptible—and such obvious, yet retreating cowardice, scarcely perceptible also—that no language could convey any notion of it.

"Ah!" said Val, "you are a neat lad—but go on—what *did* they say, for I must have it out of you."

"That I may die in happiness, your honour, but I'm afeard to tell you—but, sure, if you'd give your promise, Sir—your bright word of honour, that you'd not pay me off for it, I'll tell you."

"Ah! you d——d crawling reptile, out with it—I won't pay you off."

"Well, then, here it is—oh! the curse o' Cromwel an them this day, for an ungrateful pack! they said, your honour, that—bad luck to them I pray—that there wasn't so black hearted a scoundrel on the face of the airth as your four quarthers—that the gallows is gapin' for you—and that there's as many curses before you in hell as 'ud blisther a griddle."

M'Clutchy's face assumed its usual expression of

diabolical malignity, whilst, at the same time, he gave a look so piercing at Darby, as if suspecting that the curse, from its peculiar character, was at least, partially his own invention,—that the latter, who stood like a criminal, looking towards the floor, felt precisely what was going forward in the other's mind, and knew that he had nothing else for it but to look him steadily in the face, as a mark of his perfect innocence. Gradually, therefore, and slowly he raised his small grey eyes until they met those of M'Clutchy, and thus the gaze continued for nearly a minute between them, and that with such steadiness on both sides, that they resembled a mesmeric doctor and his patient, rather than anything else to which we could compare them. On the part of M'Clutchy the gaze was that of an inquisitor looking into the heart of him whom he suspected; on that of Darby, the eye, unconscious of evil, betrayed nothing but the purest simplicity and candour.

And yet, when we consider that Darby most unquestionably did not only ornament, but give peculiar point to the opinions expressed by the tenantry against the Vulture, perhaps we ought to acknowledge that of the two he possessed a larger share of histrionic talent.

At length M'Clutchy, whose eye, for reasons with

which the reader is already acquainted, was never either a firm or a steady one, removed it from Darby, who nevertheless followed it with a simple but pertinacious look, as much as to say, I have told you truth, and am now waiting your leisure to proceed.

"What do you stare at?" said M'Clutchy, strongly disposed to vent his malignity on the next object to him; "and, you beggarly scoundrel, what did you say to that? Tell me, or I'll heave you, head foremost, through the window?"

"Why," replied Darby, in a quiet, confident, and insinuating tone, "I raisoned wid them—raisoned wid them like a Christian. 'Now, Sheemus O'Saughran,' says I, 'you've said what I know to be a lie. I'm not the man to put ill between you and his honour, Mr. M'Clutchy; but at the same time,' says I, 'I'm his sarvint, and as an honest man, I must do my duty. I don't intend to mintion a syllable of what you said this day; but as his sarvint, and gettin' bread through him, and undher him, I can't, nor I won't, suffer his honour to be backbitten before his own face—for it's next to that. Now,' says I, 'be guided by me, and all will be right. In the first place, you know, he's entitled to *duty-fowl**—in the

* These were iniquitous exactions, racked from the poor tenantry by the old landlords or their agents.

next place, he's entitled to *duty-work.* 'Ay, the landlord, is,' said they, 'but not the Vul——' 'Whisht,' says I, in a friendly whisper, puttin' my hand across Dan's mouth, and winkin' both my eyes at him; 'send his honour down a pair of them fine fat turkeys—I know his honour's fond o' them; but that's not all,' says I—'do you wish to have a friend in coort? I know you do. Well and good—he's drawing gravel to make a new avenue early next week, so, Sheemus O'Shaughran, if you wish to have *two* friends in coort—a great one and a little one'—manin' myself, God pardon me, for the little one, your honour—'you will,' says I, 'early on next Monday mornin', send down a pair of horses and carts, and give him a week's duty-work. Then,' says I, 'lave the rest to *somebody,* for I won't name names.'—No, your honour, I didn't bring Hanlon in.—By the same token, as a proof of it, there's young Bandy Shaughran, the son, wid a turkey under aich arm, comin' up to the hall door."

"Well," proceeded M'Clutchy, without a single observation, "did you call on the Slevins?"

"Yes, Sir; they're ready."

"The Magonnels?"

"Not ready, Sir; but a pair of geese, and two

men on next Thursday and Saturday. On Friday they must go to market to buy two *slips*."*

"Widow Gaffney?"

"Not ready, Sir; but that I may never die in sin, a 'cute shaver."

"Why so—what did she say?"

"Oh, Mr. Hickman, Sir, the head agent, your honour; that's the *go*. Throth, the same Mr. Hickman is—but, God forbid, Sir, I'd spake a word against the absent; but any way, he's a good round thrifle, one way or the other, out of your pocket, from Jinnywarry to December."

"Darby, my good man, and most impertinent scoundrel, if you wish to retain your present situation, never open your lips against that excellent gentleman, Mr. Hickman. Mark my words—out you go, if I ever discover that you mention him with disrespect."

"Well, I won't then; and God forgive me for spakin' the truth—when it's not right."

"Did you see the Mulhollands?"

"Mr. Hickman again, Sir, an' bad luck to—— Beg pardon, Sir, I forgot. Throth, Sir, when I mentioned the duty work an the new aveny, they fwhistled at you."

* Young pigs.

"Whistled at me!"

"Yes, Sir; an' said that Mr. Hickman tou them to give you neither duty fowl nor duty wor but to do their own business, and let you do you Ay, and 'twas the same from all the rest."

"Well," said Val, going to the window and loo ing abroad for a minute or two,—"well—so mu for Ballymackscud; now for its next neighbou Ballymackfud."

"Mr. Hickman again, Sir. The devil sweep t same Hickman, any way," said Darby, in an asid which he knew the other could easily hear. "O of the whole townland, Sir, all I got was two m for the aveny—a goose from Barney Scadda and her last hen, along wid half-a-dozen eggs, fro that dacent creature, Widow M'Murt. Throth fo fine little childre she has, if they had any thing t them, or any thing to keep body and sowl t gether."

"You warned them all, of course?"

"Every sowl in the townland of Ballymackfu and there's the upshot. But it's all Mr. Hickma Sir; for he tould them—'I will have none of t work,' says he; 'the tenants mustn't be harrish and fleeshed in this manner,' says he. Yes, yo honour, that's the upshot from Ballymackfud—t

days' work—a sick goose (for I disremembered to mention that Barney said, wid a wink, that she'd require great attintion, as she was in a delicate state of health)—one ould hen, and half a dozen eggs; which wouldn't be the case, only for Hickman—not but he's a very respectable gentleman—by all accounts."

"I told you before, sirra, that I will have nothing offensive to him mentioned in my presence. Give this letter to Mr. M'Slime, and bring me an answer as soon as you can. Will you have a glass of spirits?"

"Would it be intherfairin' wid my duty, Sir?"

"If you think so, don't take it; you ought to know best."

"Well, then, for this one time, in regard of a *lhin-roe*,* or the red wather in my stomach, I'll try it. I drank bog-bine last night goin' to bed, but divil a morsel o' good it did me."

M'Clutchy handed him a full glass, which he held steadily before his eye, till the other put up the decanter.

"Your honour's health, Sir," said he, "and fireside; and if you war to throw me out o' fifty win-

* *Lhin-roe*, or red water—the Irish name for heart-burn.

dies, I'll add to that—here's wishin' that the de had his own, and I know where *you'd* soon be."

"How, you villanous scoundrel" said Val, startii with rising wrath, "what do you mean by that?"

Darby made no reply, but hastily tossing off tl glass, he seized his hat, bolted outside the door, an putting in his head, said in a kind of loud but co fidential whisper—

"In Hickman's place, your honour!"

CHAPTER III.

SOLOMON M'SLIME, A RELIGIOUS ATTORNEY—HIS OFFICE —FAMILY DEVOTIONS—SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAKFAST —MISPRISION BLASPHEMY—LETTER ON BUSINESS.

Pass we now to another worthy character, who had locality upon the aforesaid property of Castle Cumber. Solomon M'Slime, the law agent, was a satisfactory proof of the ease with which religion and law may meet and aid each other in the heart and spirit of the same person. An attorney, no doubt, is at all times an amiable, honest, and feeling individual, simply upon professional principles; but when to all this is added the benignant influence of serious and decided piety, it would not be an easy task to find, among the several classes which compose society in general, any thing so truly engaging, so morally taintless, so sweetly sanctimonious, so seductively comely, as is that pure and evangelical exhibition of human character, that is found to be developed in a *religious* attorney.

Solomon M'Slime was a man in whose heart the two principles kept their constant residence; indeed so beautifully were they blended, that his law might frequently be mistaken for religion, just as his religion, on the other hand, was often known to smack strongly of law. In this excellent man, these principles accommodated each other with a benignant indulgence, that manifested the beauty of holiness in a high degree. If, for instance, law in its progress presented to him any obstacle of doubtful morality, religion came forward with a sweet but serious smile, and said to her companion, "My dear friend, or sister, in this case *I* permit you." And on the contrary, if religion at any time felt over sensitive or scrupulous, law had fifty arguments of safety, and precedent, and high authority to justify her. But, indeed, we may observe, that in a religious attorney, these illiberal scruples do not often occur. Mr. M'Slime knew the advantages of religion too well, to feel that contraction of the mind and principles, which in so many ordinary cases occasions religion and common morality to become almost identical. Religion to him was a friend—a patroness in whose graces he stood so high, that she permitted him to do many things which those who were more estranged from her durst not attempt.

He enjoyed that state of blessed freedom which is accorded to so few, and, consequently, had his "permissions" and his "privileges" to go in the wicked warfares of this trying world much greater lengths than those who were less gifted and favoured by the sweet and consoling principle which regulated and beautified his life.

Solomon was a small man, thin, sharp-featured, and solemn. He was deliberate in his manner and movements, and correct, but slow of speech. Though solemn, however, he was not at all severe or querulous, as is too frequently the case with those who affect to be religious. Far from it. On the contrary, in him the gospel gifts appeared in a cheerful gravity of disposition, and a good-humoured lubricity of temper, that could turn with equal flexibility and suavity to every incident of life, no matter how trying to the erring heart. All the hinges of his spirit seemed to have been graciously and abundantly oiled, and such was his serenity, that it was quite evident he had a light within him. It was truly a pleasure to speak to, or transact business with such a man, he seemed always so full of inward peace, and comfort, and happiness. Nay, upon some occasions, he could rise to a kind of sanctified facetiousness that was perfectly delightful,

and in the very singleness of his heart, would, of an odd time, let out, easily and gently it is true, a small joke, that savoured a good deal of secular humour.

Then he was so full of charity and affection for all that were frail and erring among our kind, that he never, or seldom, breathed a harsh word against the offender. Or if, in the fulness of his benevolence, he found it necessary to enumerate their faults, and place them, as it were, in a catalogue, it was done in a spirit of such love, mingled with sorrow, that those to whom he addressed himself, often thought it a pity that he himself did not honour religion, by becoming the offender, simply for the sake of afterwards becoming the penitent.

In the religious world he was a very active and prominent man—punctual in his devotional exercises, and always on the look out for some of those unfortunate brands with which society abounds, that he might, as he termed it, have the pleasure of plucking them out of the burning. He never went without a bible and a variety of tracts in his pocket, and seldom was missed from the platform of a religious meeting. He received subscriptions for all public and private charities, and has repeatedly been known to offer and afford consolation to the widow

and orphan, at a time when the pressure of business rendered the act truly one of Christian interest and affection.

The hour was not more than ten o'clock A.M. when Darby entered his office, in which, by the way, lay three or four bibles, in different places. In a recess on one side of the chimney-piece, stood a glass-covered book-case, filled with the usual works on his profession, whilst hung upon the walls, and consequently nearer observation, were two or three pensile shelves, on which were to be found a small collection of religious volumes, tracts, and other productions, all bearing on the same subject. On the desk was a well-thumbed bible to the right, which was that used at family prayer; and on the opposite side, a religious almanack, and a copy of congregation hymns.

Darby on reaching the hall-door knocked with considerably more decision than he had done at M'Clutchy's, but without appearing to have made himself heard; after waiting patiently for some time, however, he knocked again, and at length the door was opened by a very pretty servant girl, about seventeen, who, upon his inquiring if her master was at home, replied in a sighing voice, and with a demure face, "oh, yes—at family prayer."

"When he's done," said Darby, "maybe you'd be kind enough to say that Darby O'Drive has a message for him."

The pretty servant did not nod—an act which she considered as too flippant for the solemnity of devotion—but she gently bowed her head, and closed her eyes in assent—upon which was heard a somewhat cheerful groan, replete with true unction, inside the parlour, followed by a voice that said, "ah! Susanna!" pronounced in a tone of grave but placid remonstrance; Susanna immediately entered, and the voice, which was that of our attorney, proceeded—"Susanna take your place—long measure, eight lines, four eights, and two sixes." The psalm was then raised or pitched by Solomon himself, who was followed by six or eight others, each in a different key, but all with such reluctance to approach their leader, that from a principle of unworthiness, they allowed him, as the more pious, to get far in advance of them. In this manner they sang two verses, and it was remarkable, that although on coming to the conclusion, Solomon was far ahead, and the rest nowhere, yet, from the same principle of unworthiness, they left the finish, as they did the start, altogether to himself. The psalm was accordingly wound up by a kind of understanding or accompani-

ment between his mouth and nose, which seemed each moved by a zealous but godly struggle to excel the other, if not in melody at least in loudness. They then all knelt down, and Solomon launched, with a sonorous voice, into an extempore prayer, which was accompanied by a solemn commentary of groanings, sighings, moanings, and muffled ejaculations, that cannot otherwise be described, except by saying, that they resembled something between a screech and a scream.

Their devotions being over, Darby, having delivered M'Clutchy's letter, was desired to take a seat in the office, until Mr. M'Slime should be at leisure to send a reply.

"Sit down, my good friend, Darby, sit down, and be at ease, at least in your body; I do not suffer any one who has an immortal soul to be saved to stand in my office—and as you have one to be saved, Darby, you must sit. The pride of this vain life is our besetting sin, and happy are they who are enabled to overcome it—may He be praised!—sit down."

"I'm thankful to you, sir," said Darby, "oh, thin, Mr. M'Slime, it would be well for the world if every attorney in it was like you, sir—there would be little honesty goin' asthray, sir, if there was."

"Sam Sharpe, my dear boy, if you have not th bill of costs finished—"

"No sir."

"A good boy, Sam—well, do not omit thirte and four pence, for two letters, which I ought have sent—as a part of my moral, independently my professional duty—to widow Lenehan, havin explained to her, by word of mouth, that which ought in conscience, to have written—but indeed m conscience often leads me to the—what should I say —the merciful side in these matters. No, Darb my friend, you cannot see into my heart, or yo would not say so—I am frail, Darby, and sinful— am not up to the standard, my friend, neither hav I acted up to my privileges—the freedom of th gospel is a blessed thing, provided we abuse it not— well, Sam, my good young friend—"

"That was entered before, Sir, under the head o instructions."

"Very right—*apparently* very right, Sam, an reasonable for you to think so—but this was on different occasion, although the same case."

"Oh, I beg pardon, Sir, I did not know that."

"Sam, do not beg pardon—not of me—nor of an but One—go there, Sam, you require it; we a require it, at least I do abundantly. Darby, m

friend, it is a principle with me never to lose an opportunity of throwing in a word in season—but as the affairs of this life must be attended to—only in a secondary degree, I admit—I will, therefore, place you at the only true fountain where you can be properly refreshed. Take this bible, Darby, and it matters not where you open it, read and be filled."

Now, as Darby, in consequence of his early attendance upon M'Clutchy, had been obliged to leave home that morning without his breakfast, it must be admitted that he was not just then in the best possible disposition to draw much edification from it. After poring over it with a very sombre face for some time, he at length looked shrewdly at M'Slime, closing one eye a little, as was his custom; "I beg pardon, Sir," said he, "but if I'm not mistaken this book I believe is intended more for the sowl than the body."

"For the body! truly, Darby, that last is a carnal thought, and I am sorry to hear it from your lips:—the bible is a spiritual book, my friend, and spiritually must it be received."

"But, to a man like me, who hasn't had his breakfast to-day yet, how will it be sarviceable? will reading it keep off hunger or fill my stomach?"

"Ah! Darby, my friend, that is gross talk—such

views of divine truth are really a perversion of the gifts of heaven. That book although it will not fill your stomach, as you grossly call it, actually will do it figuratively, which in point of fact is the same thing, or a greater—it will enable you to bear hunger as a dispensation, Darby, to which it is your duty as a Christian, to submit. Nay, it will do more, my friend; it will exalt your faith to such a divine pitch, that if you read it with the proper spirit, you will pray that the dispensation thus laid on you may continue, in order that the inner man may be purged."

"Faith, and Mr. M'Slime, with great respect, if that is your doctrine it isn't your practice. The sorra word of prayer—God bless the prayers!—came out o' your lips to-day, antil you laid in a good warm breakfast, and afther that, for fraid of disappointments, the very first thing you prayed for was your daily bread—didn't I hear you? But I'll tell you what, Sir, ordher me my breakfast, and then I'll be spakin' to you. A hungry man—or a hungry woman, or her hungry childre, can't eat bibles; although it is well known, God knows, that when hunger, and famine, and starvation are widin them and upon them, that the same bible, but nothing else, is handed to them by pious people in the shape of

consolation and relief. Now I'm thinkin', Mr. M'Slime, that that is not the best way to make the bible respected. Are you goin' to give me my breakfast, Sir? upon my sowl, beggin' your pardon, if you do, I'll bring the bible home wid me, if that will satisfy you, for we havent got e'er a one in our own little cabin."

"Sharpe, my good boy, I'll trouble you to take that bible out of his hands. I am not in the slightest degree offended, Darby—you will yet, I trust, live to know better, may He grant it! I overlook the misprision of blasphemy on your part, for you didn't know what you said? but you will, you will.

"This is a short reply to Mr. M'Clutchy's note. I shall see him on my way to the sessions to-morrow, but I have told him so in it. And now, my friend, be assured I overlook the ungodly and carnal tenour of your conversation—we are all frail and prone to error; I, at least, am so—still we must part as Christians ought, Darby. You have asked me for a breakfast, but I overlook that also—I ought to overlook it as a Christian; for is not your immortal soul of infinitely greater value than your perishable body? Undoubtedly—and as a proof that I value it more, receive this—this, my brother sinner—oh! that I could say my brother Christian also!—receive it,

Darby, and in the proper spirit too; it is a t written by the Rev. Vesuvius M'Slug, enti 'Spiritual Food for Babes of Grace;' I have my found it graciously consolatory and refreshing, I hope that you also may, my friend!"

"Begad, Sir," said Darby, "it may be v good in its way, and I've no doubt but it's a v generous and Christian act in you to give espeshilly since it cost you nothing—but for all t upon my sowl, I'm strongly of opinion that hungry man it's a bad substitute for a breakfas

"Ah! by the way, Darby," lending a deaf ea this observation, "have you heard, within the day or two, anything of Mr. M'Clutchy's fat Mr. Deaker—how he is?"

"Why, Sir," replied Darby, "I'm tould breaking down fast, but the divil a one of him give up the lady. Parsons, and ministers, even priests, have all been at him; but it's usel he curses and dams them right and left, and w be attended by any one but her—hadn't *you* bet try him, Mr.M'Slime? Maybe you might succ Who knows but a little of the 'Spiritual Food Babes of Grace,' might sarve him as well as oth There's a case for you. Sure he acknowledges h self to be a member of the hell-fire club!

"He's a reprobate, my friend—impenitent, hopeless. I have myself tried him, spoke with him, reasoned with him, but never was my humility, my patience, so strongly tried. His language I will not repeat—but canting knave, hypocrite, rascal attor—no, it is useless and unedifying to repeat it. Now go, my friend, and do not forget that precious tract which you have thrust so disrespectfully into your pocket."

Darby, after a shrewd wink at one of the apprentices, which was returned, passed out, and left Mr. M'Slime to the pursuit of his—salvation.

In the mean time, as we authors have peculiar "privileges," as Mr. M'Slime would say, we think it only due to our readers to let them have a peep at M'Slime's note to our friend Valentine M'Clutchy.

"My dear friend—I felt as deep an interest in the purport of your note as you yourself possibly could. The parties alluded to I appreciate precisely as you do—M'Loughlin has in the most unchristian manner assailed my character as well as your's. So has his partner in the concern—I mean Harman. But then, my friend, are we not Christians, and shall we not return good for evil? *Shall we not forgive them?* Some whispers, hints, very gentle and delicate, have reached my ears, which I do not wish *to commit to paper*;—but this I may say, until

I see you to-morrow, that I think your inte
with respect to M'Loughlin and Harman ar
mature. There is a screw loose somewhere,
speak, that is all—but I believe, I can say, t
your father, Deaker, will act to our purposes, a
be as we could wish. This is a delicate subjec
dear friend, but still, I am of opinion that i
could by any practicable means soften the un
nate female who possesses such an ascendancy
him, all will be right. I would, myself und
the perilous task for your sake—and perilo
ordinary men I admit it would be, for she is b
question exceedingly comely. In me this
appear disinterested, whilst in you, suspicion
become strong. Cash is wanted in the quart
know, and cash has been refused in another qu
and when we meet I shall tell you more abo
matter. In the mean time it is well that ther
legitimate issue—but should he will his prope
this Dalilah, or could she be removed?—I
to a local distance. But I shall see you to-m
(D.V.) when we can have freer conversation
what may be done. With humble but s
prayers for your best wishes and welfare,

I am, my dear friend,

Thine in the bonds of Christian lo

SOLOMON M'S

P.S. As it is a principle of mine to neglect no just opportunity of improving my deceitful heart, I bought from a travelling pedlar this morning a book with the remarkable title of 'The Spiritual Attorney, or A Sure Guide to the other world.' I have not yet had time to look at any thing but the title page, and consequently am not able to inform you *which* of the worlds he alludes to, ha! ha! You see, my friend, I do not think there is evil in a joke that is harmless, or has a moral end in view, as every joke ought to have. Thine as before,

"SOL. M'SLIME."

CHAPTER IV.

POLL DOOLIN, THE CHILD CADGER—RAYMOND, HER SON—SHORT DIALOGUE ON THE TIMES—POLL'S OPINION ON THE CAUSES OF IMMORALITY—SOLOMON IS GENEROUS—A SQUIRE OF THE OLD SCHOOL—AND A MORAL DIALOGUE.

THE next morning was that on which the Quarter Sessions of Castle Cumber commenced; and of course it was necessary for Darby O'Drive, who was always full of business on such occasions, to see M'Clutchy, in order to receive instructions touching his duties, on various proceedings connected with the estate. He had reached the cross-roads that ran about half-way between Constitution Cottage and Castle Cumber, when he met, just where the road turned to M'Clutchy's, a woman named Poll Doolin, accompanied, as she mostly was, by her son — a poor, harmless idiot, named Raymond; both of whom were well known throughout the whole parish. Poll was a thin, sallow woman, with piercing dark eyes, and a very gipsey-like counte-

nance. Her dress was always black, and very much worn; in fact, every thing about her was black—black stockings, black bonnet, black hair, and black kerchief. Poll's occupation was indeed a singular one, and not very creditable to the morals of the day. Her means of living were derived from the employment of child-cadger to the Foundling Hospital of Dublin. In other words, she lived by conveying illegitimate children from the places of their birth to the establishment just mentioned, which has been very properly termed a bounty for national immorality. Whenever a birth of this kind occurred, Poll was immediately sent for—received her little charge with a name—whether true or false mattered not—pinned to its dress—then her travelling expenses; after which she delivered it at the hospital, got a receipt for its delivery, and returned to claim her demand, which was paid only on producing it. In the mean time, the unfortunate infant had to encounter all the comforts of the establishment, until it was drafted out to a charter school, in which hotbed of pollution it received that exquisitely moral education, that enabled it to be sent out into society admirably qualified to sustain the high character of Protestantism.

"Morrow, Poll," said Darby; "what's the young-

est news wid you? And Raymond, my boy, ho goes it wid you?"

"I don't care for you," replied the fool; "y drove away Widow Brannigan's cow, an' left t childre to the black wather. Bad luck to you!"

Darby started; for there is a superstition amo the Irish, that the curse of an "innocent" is one the most unlucky that can be uttered.

"Don't curse *me*," replied Darby; "sure, Ra mond, I did only my duty."

"Then who made you do your duty?" asked t other.

"Why, Val the Vul—hem—Mr. M'Clutchy, be sure."

"Bad luck to *him* then!"

His mother, who had been walking a little befo him, turned, and, rushing towards him, put h hand hastily towards his mouth, with the obvio intention of suppressing the imprecation; but t late; it had escaped, and be the consequence wh it might, Val had got the exciting cause of it.

"My poor unfortunate boy," said she, "yo oughtn't to curse any body; stop this minute, an say God bless him."

"God bless who?"

"Mr. M'Clutchy."

"The devil bless him! ha, ha, ha! Doesn't he harry the poor, an, drive away their cows from them—doesn't he rack them, an' rob them—harry them, rack them, rob them—

"Harry them, rack them, rob them,
Rob them, rack them, harry them—
Harry them, rack them rob them,
Rob them, rack them, harry them!"

This he sung in an air somewhat like "Judy Callahan.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh the devil bless him! and they say a blessin' from the devil is very like a curse from God."

The mother once more put up her hands to his face, but only with the intention of fondling and caressing him. She tenderly stroked down his head, and patted his cheek, and attempted to win him out of the evil humour, into which the sight of Darby had thrown him. Darby could observe, however, that she appeared to be deeply troubled by the idiot's conduct, as was evident by the trembling of her hands, and a perturbation of manner, which she could not conceal.

"Raymond," she said, soothingly, "won't you be good for me, darlin'—for your own mother, my poor helpless boy?—Won't you be good for me?"

"I will," said he, in a more placid voice.

"And you will not curse any body any more?"

"No, mother, no."

"And won't you bless Mr. M'Clutchy, my dear child?"

"There's a fig for him," he replied—"there's a fig for him. Now!"

"But you didn't bless him, my darlin'—you didn't bless him yet."

As she spoke the words, her eye caught his, and she perceived that it began to gleam and kindle.

"Well no," said she hastily; "no, I won't ask you; only hould your tongue—say no more."

She again patted his cheek tenderly, and the fiery light which began to burn in his eye, died gradually away, and no other expression remained in it, but the habitual one of innocence and good-nature.

"No, no," said she, shaking her head, and speaking as much to herself as to Darby; "I know him too well; no earthly power will put him out of his own way, once he takes it into his head. This minute, if I had spoke another word about the blessin', M'Clutchy would a got another curse; yet, except in these fits, my poor child is kindness and tendherness itself."

"Well now," said Darby, "that that's over, can

you tell me, Poll, what's the news? When were you in Dublin?"

"I've given that up," replied Poll; "I'm too ould and stiff for it now. As for the news, you ought to know what's goin' as well as I do. You're nearly as much on the foot."

"No; nor if every head in the parish was 'ithin side o' mine, I wouldn't know as much in the news line as you, Poll."

"The news that's goin' of late, Darby, is not good, an' you know it. There's great grumblin' an' great complaints, ever since Val, the lad, became undher agent; and you know that too."

"But how can I prevent that?" said Darby; "sure I'd side wid the people if I could."

"You'd side wid the people, an' you'd side wid the man that oppresses them, even in spite of Mr. Hickman."

"God bless Mr. Hickman!" said Raymond, "and the divil curse him! and sure 'tis well known that the divil's curse is only another name for God's blessin'. God bless, Mr. Hickman!"

"Amen, my darlin' child, wid all my heart," said Poll; "but, Darby," she continued, "take my word for it, that these things won't end well. The estate

and neighbourhood was peaceable and quiet till the Vulture began his pranks, and now——"

"Very well," said Darby, "the blame be his, an' if it comes to that, the punishment; so far as myself's consarned, I say, let every herrin' hang by its own tail—*I* must do my duty. But tell me, Poll—hut, woman, never mind the Vulture—let him go to the devil his own way—tell me—do you ever hear from your son Frank, that Brian M'Loughlin sent acrass?"

"No," said she, "not a word; but the curse o' heaven on Brian M'Loughlin! Was my fine young man worth no more than his garran of a horse, that he didn't steal either, till he was put to it by the Finigans."

"Well, sure two o' them were sent over soon afther him, if that's any comfort."

"It's no comfort," replied Poll, "but I'll tell you what's a comfort, the thought that I'll never die till I have full revinge on Brian M'Loughlin—ay, either on him or his—or both. Come, Raymond, have you ne'er a spare curse now for Brian M'Loughlin?—you could give a fat one to M'Clutchy this minute—an have you none for Brian M'Loughlin?"

"No," replied the son, "he does'nt be harryin the poor."

"Well, but he transported your brother."

"No matter; Frank used to beat me—he was bad, an Brian M'Loughlin was good to me, an does be good to me; he gives me my dinner or breakfast whenever I go there—an a good bed in the barn, I won't curse him. Now!"

"It's no use," continued Poll, whose thin features had not yet subsided from the inflammatory wildness of expression which had been awakened by the curse, "it's no use, he'll only do what he likes himself, an' the best way is to never heed him."

"I believe so," said Darby, "but where's your daughter Lucy now, Poll?"

"Why," said Poll, "she has taken to my trade, an' thravels up to the Foundling; although, dear knows, it's hardly worth her while now—it won't give her salt to her kale, poor girl."

"Why, are the times mendin'?" asked Darby, who spoke in a moral point of view.

"Mendin'!" exclaimed Poll, "oh, ay indeed—Throth they're not fit to be named in the one day with what they used to be. But indeed, of late I'm happy to say that they *are* improvin' a bit," said she, speaking professionally. "MClutchy's givin' them a lift, for I've ever an' always remarked, that distress, and poverty, and neglect o' the poor, and

hardship, and persecution, an' oppression, and any thing that way, was sure to have my very heart broke wid business."

"And tell me, Poll, did you ever happen to get a job from a sartin pious gintleman, o' the name of M'Slime?—now tell the thruth."

"It's a question" replied Poll, "you have no right to axe—you must know, Darby O'Drive, that I've had my private business as well as my public business, an' that I'd suffer that right hand to be cut off sooner than betray trust. Honour bright, or what's the world good for!"

They now reached a spot where the road branched into two, but Poll still kept to that which led to M'Clutchy's. "Are you for the Cottage too," asked Darby.

"I am," replied Poll, "I've been sent for; but what he wants wid me, I know no more than the man in the moon."

Just then the tramp of a horse's feet was heard behind them, and in a minute or two, Solomon M'Slime, who was also on his way to the Cottage, rode up to them.

"A kind good morning to you, Darby, my friend! I trust you did not neglect to avail yourself of the—Ah!" said he complacently, on catching a glimpse

Poll's face, "I think I ought to recollect your atures, my good woman—but, no—I can't say I —No, I must mistake them for those of another -but, indeed, the best of us is liable to mistake and ror—all frail—flesh is grass."

"You might often see my face," returned Poll, but I don't think ever we spoke before. I know ou to look at you, Sir, that's all—an' it's thrue hat you say too, Sir, there's nothing but frailty in ie world—divil a much else—homsomever, be that s it may, honour bright's my motive."

"And a good motto it is, my excellent woman—that interesting young man your son?"

"He is, Sir; but he's a poor innocent that hasn't ie full complement of wit, Sir, God help him!"

"Well, my good woman," continued Solomon, as he appears to be without shoes to his feet, will ou accept of five shillings, which is all the silver I ave about me, to buy him a pair."

"Many thanks, Mr. M'Sl-hem—many thanks, ir; honour bright's my motive."

"And let it always be so, my excellent woman; good morning to you very kindly! Darby, I bid ou also good morning, and peace be with you oth."

So saying, he rode on at a quiet, easy amble, apparently at peace with his heart, his conscience, his sleek cob, and all the world besides.

The sessions of Castle Cumber having concluded as sessions usually conclude, we beg our reader to accompany us to Deaker Hall, the residence of M'Clutchy's father, the squire. This man was far advanced in years, but appeared to have been possessed of a constitution which sustains sensuality, or perhaps that retrospective spirit which gloats over its polluted recollections, on to the very verge of the grave. In the case before us old age sharpened the inclination to vice in proportion as it diminished the power of being vicious, and presented an instance of a man, at the close of a long life, watching over the grave of a corrupted heart, with a hope of meeting the wan spectres of his own departed passions, since he could not meet the passions themselves; and he met them, for they could not rest, but returned to their former habitation, like unclean spirits as they were, each bringing seven more along with it, but not to torment him. Such were the beings with which the soul of this aged materialist was crowded. During life his well known motto was, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Upon

his principle, expanded into still wider depravity, did he live and act during a protracted existence, and to those who knew him, and well known he was, there appeared something frightfully revolting in the shameless career of this impenitent old infidel.

Deaker was a large man, with a rainbow protuberance before, whose chin, at the time we speak of, rested upon his breast, giving to him the exact character which he bore—that of a man who to the last was studious of every sensual opportunity. His grey, goatish eye, was vigilant and circumspect, and his under lip protruded in a manner, which, joined to the character of his age, left no one at a loss for the general subject matter of his thoughts. He always wore top-boots, and generally went on horseback, having that part of his hat which rested on the collar of his coat, turned up and greasy.

Squire Deaker's language was not more moral than his life—for he not only enforced his principles by his example, but also by his precept. His conversation consequently resolved itself into a mingled stream of swearing and obscenity. Ridicule of religion, and a hardened triumph in his own iniquitous exploits, illustrated and confirmed by a prodigality of blasphemous asseverations, constituted the staple of his thoughts and expressions. According to his

own principles he could not look forward to another life, and consequently all that remained for him was to look back upon an unbroken line of seduction and proflicacy—upon wealth and influence not merely abused, but prostituted to the lowest and grossest purposes of our worst passions—upon systematic crime—unmanly treachery—and that dishonest avarice which constituted the act of heartless desertion in himself the ultimate ruin and degradation of his victims. Such was this well known squire of the old school, whose portrait, taken from life, will be recognized by every one who ever knew him, should any such happen to peruse those pages.

At the period of which we write Squire Deaker was near eighty, and although feeble and broken down, he still exhibited the remains of a large, coarse, strong boned animal, not without a vigorous twinkle of low cunning in his eye, and a duplicity of character and principle about his angular and ill-shaped eye brows which could not be mistaken. He was confined to his bed, and for the first time, during many years, was unable to attend the Castle Cumber quarter sessions.

It was the second or third day after their close that about the hour of ten o'clock, A.M., he awoke from a heavy and unhealthy doze, which could

carcely be termed sleep, but rather a kind of middle tate between that and waking. At length he raised is head, gasped, and on finding no one in the room e let fly a volley of execrations, and rang the bell.

"Is there any one there? Any one within hearing? I say Isabel, Isabel, Jesabel, are you all dead and d——d?"

"No, your honour, not yet—some of us at least," replied a shrewd looking lad of about eighteen, making his appearance.

"Ha, Lanty—it's you, is it? What do you mean by that, you devil's pick-tooth? Where's Isabel? Where's Jezabel? Playing her pranks, I suppose—where is she, you devil's tooth-brush? eh?"

"Do you want your brandy and wather, Sir?"

"Brandy and h—l, you scoundrel! Where's Miss Fuzzle?"

"Why, she's just rinsing her mouth, Sir, wid a drop of"—

"Of what, you devil's imp; but I know—she's drinking—she's drunk, you young candidate for perdition?"

"I'm not an ould one, Sir, any how; as to Miss Fuzzle, Sir, she bid me say, that she's doin herself the pleasure of drinkin your health"—

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if I were near her—that's all!

drinking my health! She's tipsy, the she scoundrel, she never sends me that message, unless when she's tipsy"—

"Not tipsy, your honour, only unwell—she's a little touched wid the falling sickness—she always takes it, after rinsing her mouth, Sir; for she's fond of a sweet breath, your honour."

"Ah, she's a confounded blackguard—a living quicksand, and nothing else. Lanty, my lad, if the Mississippi was brandy grog, she'd dry the river—drinking at this hour!—well, never mind, I was drunk myself last night, and I'm half drunk yet. Here, you devil's tinder box, mix me a glass of brandy and water."

"Wouldn't you do it better yourself, Sir?"

"No, you whelp, don't you see how my hands, and be hanged to them, tremble and shake. Put in another glass, I say—carry it to my mouth now; hold, you croil—here's the glorious, pious, and immortal memory! Ho! Lanty, there's nothing like being a good Protestant, after all—so I'll stand to glorious Bill, to the last; nine times nine, and one cheer more! hurra!"

He then laid himself back, and attempted to whistle the Boyne Water, but having only one tusk in front, the sound produced resembled the wild

whistle of the wind through the chink of a door—shrill and monotonous; after which he burst out into a chuckling laugh, tickled, probably, at the notion of that celebrated melody proving disloyal in spite of him, and refusing, as it were, to be whistled.

At this moment Miss Isabel, or as he most frequently called her Miss Jesabel Fuzzle, came in with a gleaming eye, and an unsteady step—her hair partially dishevelled, and her dress most negligently put on. The moment Deaker saw her, his whole manner changed, notwithstanding his previous violence—the swagger departed from him, his countenance fell, and he lay mute and terror stricken before her. It was indeed clear that her sway over him was boundless, and such was the fact. On this occasion she simply looked at him significantly, held up her hand in a menacing attitude, and having made a mock curtsey, immediately left the room.

"Lanty," said he in an undertone, when she had gone, "Lanty, you clip, go and tell her to forgive me; I said too much, and I'm sorry for it, say—go, you scoundrel."

"Faix I'll do no such thing, Sir," replied Lanty, alarmed at the nature of the message; "I know better than to come across her *now;* she'd whale the life out o' me. Sure she's afther flailing the cook

out o' the kitchen—and Tom Corbet the butler has one of his ears, he says, hangin off him as long as a blood-hound's."

"Speak easy," said Deaker, in a voice of terror, "speak lower, or she may hear you—Isn't it strange," he said to himself, "that I who never feared God or man, should quail before this Jesabel!"

"Begad, an' here's one your honour, that 'ill make *her* quail, if he meets her.

"Who is it," asked the other eagerly, "who is it, you imp?"

"Why, Mr. M'Clutchy, Sir; he's ridin' up the avenue."

"Ay, Val the Vulture—Val the Vulture—I like that fellow—I like him for his confoundedly clever roguery; only he's a hypocrite, and doesn't set the world at defiance as I do;—no, he's a cowardly skulking hypocrite, nearly as great a one as M'Slime, but doesn't talk so much about religion as that oily gentleman."

In a few moments M'Clutchy entered.

"Good morrow, Val. Well, Val—well, my vulture, what's in the wind now? Who's to suffer? Are you ready for a pounce? Eh?"

"I was sorry to hear that your health's not so good, Sir, as it was."

"You lie, my dear Vulture, you lie in your

throat, I tell you. You're watching for my carcase, snuffing the air at a distance under the hope of a gorge. No—you didn't care the devil had me, provided you could make a hawl by it."

"I hope, Sir, there's no——"

"Hope! You rascally hypocrite, what's hope good for? Hope to rot in the grave is it? To melt into corruption and feed the worms? What a precious putrid carcase I'll make, when I'm a month in the dirt. Maybe you wouldn't much relish the scent of me then, my worthy Vulture. Curse your beak, at all events! what do you want? what did you come for?"

Val, who knew his worthy sire well, knew also the most successful method of working out any purpose with him. He accordingly replied, conscious that hypocrisy was out of the question—

"The fact is, Sir, I want you to aid me in a piece of knavery."

"I'll do it—I'll do it. Hang me if I don't. Come—I like that—it shows that there's no mock modesty between us—that we know one another. What's the knavery?"

"Why, Sir, I'm anxious, in the first place, to have Hickman, the head agent, out, and in the next, to get into his place, if possible. Now, I know that you can *assist me in both*, if you wish."

"How?" asked Deaker, who was quite as able a tactitian as his son; and who, in fact, had contrived to put himself so completely in possession of the political influence of the county as to be able to return any one he wished. "How is it to be done? Tell me that?"

"I have understood from George Gamble, Lord Cumber's own man, that he wants money."

"Tut," replied Deaker, who now forgot a great deal of his swearing, and applied himself to the subject, with all the coolness and ability of a thorough man of business. "Tut, Val, is that your news? When was he ever otherwise? Come to the point; the thing's desirable—but how can it be done?"

"I think it can; but it must be by very nice handling indeed."

"Well—your nice handling then?"

"The truth is, that Hickman, I suspect, is almost sick of the agency—thanks to Lord Cumber's extravagance, and an occasional bit of blister which I, through the tenantry, lay on him at home. Cumber, you know, is an unsteady scoundrel, and in the ordinary transactions of life, has no fixed principle; for he is possessed of little honour, and I am afraid not much honesty."

"Oh murder! this from Val the Vulture! Let me

look at you! Did M'Slime bite you? or have you turned Methodist? Holy Jupiter, what a sermon! Curse your beak, Sir; go on, and no preaching."

"Not much honesty, as I said. Now, Sir, if you who have him doubly in your power—first by the mortgage; and, secondly, as his political godfather, who can either put him in, or keep him out of the county—if you were to write him a friendly, confidential letter, in which, observe, you are about to finally arrange your affairs; and you are sorry—quite sorry—but the truth is, something must be done about the mortgage—you are very sorry—mark—but you are old, and cannot leave your property in an unsettled state. Just touch that part of it so——"

"Yes—touch and go."

"Exactly—touch and go. Well, you pass then to the political portion of it. Hickman's political opinions are not well known, or at least doubtful. Indeed you have reason to believe that he will not support his lordship or his family—is not in the confidence of government—displeased at the Union—and grumbles about corruption. His lordship is abroad, you know, and cannot think for himself. You speak as his friend—his tried friend—he ought to have a man on his property who is staunch, can be depended on, and who will see that full justice is

done him in his absence. Hickman, too, is against Ascendancy principles. Do you see, Sir?"

"Proceed—what next?"

"Why, we stop there for the present; nothing more can be done until we hear from the scoundrel himself."

"And what do you imagine will be the upshot?"

"Why, I think it not at all unlikely that he will place himself and his interests, pecuniary and political, altogether in your hands, and consequently you will probably have the guiding of him."

"Well, Val, you are an able knave to be sure; but never mind; I like you all the better. The true doctrine is always—*eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die*—take as much out of life, and your fellow men as you can. There's no knavery in the grave, my Vulture. There the honest man and the knave are alike; and this being the case, what the devil is public opinion worth?"

"It's worth a great deal if we use it for our own purposes while we're here; otherwise I agree with you that it's valueless in itself."

"You're a cursed clever fellow, Val, an able knave, as I said—but I don't like your son; he's a dishonest blockhead, and I needn't tell you that the man who

has not brains enough to be dishonest is a most contemptible scoundrel."

"Are you not able to get up?" asked Val, in a very dutiful and affectionate voice.

"Able enough now, but my head swam a while ago at a duced rate. I was drunk, as usual, last night, and could do nothing, not even put a tumbler to my mouth, until I took a stiff glass of brandy and water, and that has set me up again. When shall I write to young Topertoe, the Cumber blade?"

"The sooner the better, now; but I think you ought to rise and take some exercise."

"So I shall immediately, and to-morrow I write then, according to your able instructions, most subtle and sagacious Val. Are you off?"

"Yes, good bye, Sir, and many thanks."

"None of your stuff I say, but be off out of this—" and as he spoke Val disappeared.

So far the first steps for ousting Mr. Hickman were taken by this precious father, and his equally valuable son. Val, however, entertained other speculations quite as ingenious, and far more malignant in their tendency. Hickman, of course, he might by undercurrents and manouvering succeed in ejecting from the agency; but he could not absolutely

ruin him. Nothing short of this, however, did he propose to himself, so far as M'Loughlin, and we may add, every one connected with him, was concerned; for M'Clutchy possessed that kind of economy in his moral feelings, that always prompted him to gratify his interest and his malice by the same act of virtue. How he succeeded in this benevolent resolution time and the progress of this truthful history will show.

CHAPTER V.

TION OF A SUMMER EVENING—A MYSTERIOUS ING—A JEALOUS VISION—LETTER FROM SQUIRE ER TO LORD CUMBER—LORD CUMBER'S REPLY.

ason was now about the close of May, that ul month which presents the heart and all er sensations with a twofold enjoyment; for sweet period have we not all the tenderness icacy of spring, combined with the fuller and xpanded charms of the leafy summer—like rtion of female life, in which the eye feels it to determine whether the delicate beauty of shing girl, or the riper loveliness of the full maid, predominates in the person. The time ening, about half an hour before that soft of twilight, in which may be perceived the ng stir of busy life as it murmurs itself into r, after the active pursuits of day. On a upland lawn, that was a sheep walk, some ns of which were studded over with the

blooming and fragrant furze, stood an old ecclesiastical ruin, grey from time, and breathing with that spirit of vague but dreamy reverie, which it caught from the loveliness of the season, the calmness and the golden light of the hour, accessories, that, by their influence, gave a solemn beauty to its very desolation. It reminded one somewhat of the light which coming death throws upon the cheek of youth when he treacherously treads in the soft and noiseless steps of decline—or rather of that still purer light, which, when the aged Christian arrives at the close of a well spent life, accompanied by peace, and hope, and calmness, falls like a glory on his bed of death. The ruin was but small, a remnant of one of those humble, but rude temples, in which God was worshipped in simplicity and peace, far from the noisy tumults and sanguinary conflicts of ambitious man.

Through this sweet upland, and close to the ruin, ran a footpath that led to a mountain village of considerable extent. Immediately behind the ruin stood a few large hawthorn trees, now white with blossoms, whose fragrance made the very air a luxury, and from whose branches came forth those gushes of evening melody that shed tenderness and tranquillity into the troubled heart.

The country in the distance lay charmed, as it

were, by the calm spirit of peace which seemed to have diffused itself over the whole landscape—western windows were turned into fire—the motionless lakes shone like mirrors wherever they caught the beams of the evening light, as did several bends of the broad river which barely moved within its winding banks through the meadows below. The sun at length became half concealed behind the summit of the western hills, so that his rich and gorgeous beams fell only upon the surrounding uplands, now lit into purple, leaving the vallies and lower parts of the country to repose in that beautiful shadow which can be looked upon from the higher parts, only through the crimson glory of the departing light. And now the sun has disappeared—is gone—but still how beautiful is the fading splendour that sleeps for a little on the mountain tops, then becomes dimmer and dimmer—then a faint streak which gradually melts away until it is finally lost in the soft shadows of that thoughtful hour. And even thus passeth away all human glory!

The ruin which we have mentioned stood about half way between the residence of Brian M'Loughlin and the mountain village to which we have alluded. Proceeding homewards from the latter place, having

performed an errand of mercy and charity, w
very beautiful girl, exquisitely formed, but some
below the middle size. She was Brian M'Lough
only daughter—a creature that breathed of goodn
grace, and all those delightful qualities that n
woman a ministering angel amidst the cares,
miseries, and sorrows of life. Her figure, symm
itself, was so light, and graceful, and elegant, th
new charm was displayed by every motion, as a
beauty was discovered by every change of her
pressive countenance; her hair was like the rav
wing, and her black eye, instead of being sharp
piercing, was more in accordance with the benig
of her character, soft, sweet, and mellow. Her
and arm were perfection, and the small white h
and taper fingers would have told a connoisseur
sculptor that her foot, in lightness and elegance
formation, might have excited the envy of Iri
Camilla.

Having reached the ruin, she was rather surpr
to see the figure of a thin woman dressed in b
issue out of it, and approach her with somewha
caution in her manner. Mary M'Loughlin,
a girl of strong mind and firm character, and
likely to feel alarmed by any groundless caus
apprehension. She immediately recognized

woman, who was no other than our old friend Poll Doolin, and in the phrases peculiar to the country, made the usual kind inquiry after her health and welfare.

"It's a very unusual thing Poll," she proceeded, "to see you in this part of the neighbourhood!"

"It is," returned Poll, "I wasn't so near the mountains this many a day; an' I wouldn't be here now, only on your account, Miss M'Loughlin."

Now, Mary was by no means ignorant of the enmity which this woman entertained against her father and family, in consequence of having prosecuted and transported her profligate son. Without the slightest apprehension on that account, she felt, however, a good deal puzzled as to the meaning which could be attached to Poll's words.

"How, on my account, Poll? I don't understand you."

"Neither you nor yours desarve it at my hands; but for all that, I'm here to do you a good turn."

"I hope I never deserved any evil at your hands, Poll."

"No, but you're your father's daughter for all that, an' it's not usual to hate the tree, and spare the branches."

"I suppose you allude to the transportation of

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your son; but remember, Poll, that I was only a child then; and don't forget that had your son been honest, he might still be a comfort and a credit to you, instead of a shame and a sorrow. I don't mean, nor do I wish to hurt your feelings, Poll; but I am anxious that you should not indulge in such bitterness of heart against my father, who only did what he could not avoid."

"Well," said Poll, "never mind that—although it isn't aisy for a mother to forget her child wid all his faults; I am here, as I said, on your account —I am here, to tell you, that there's danger about you and before you, and to put you on your guard against it. I am here, Miss Mary M'-Loughlin, and if I'm not your friend — and I'm not sayin' that I am not—still I'm the friend of one that is your friend, and that will protect you, if he can."

"That is very strange, Poll, for I know not how I can have an enemy. What danger could a simple inoffensive girl like me feel? I who have never knowingly offended any body."

"I have said the truth," replied Poll, "and did my duty—you're now warned, so be on your guard and take care of yourself."

"But how, Poll? You mention danger, yet have

not told me what it is, where it's to come from, nor how I am to guard myself against it."

"I'm not at liberty," said Poll, "but this I *can* tell you, it's threatening you, and it comes from a quarther where you'd never look for it."

Mary, who was neither timid nor surprised, smiled with the confidence of innocence, and replied after a short pause of thought—

"Well, Poll, I have been thinking over my friends, and cannot find one that is likely to be my enemy; at all events I am deeply obliged to you; still if you could mention what the danger *is*, I would certainly feel the obligation to be greater. As it is, I thank you again. Good evening!"

"Stay, Miss Mary," replied Poll, walking eagerly a step or two after her, stay a minute; I have run a risk in doin' this—only promise me, to keep what I said to you a saicret for a while—as well as that you ever had any private talk wid me. Promise this.

"I shall certainly not promise any such thing, Poll; so far from that, I will mention every word of our conversation to my father and family, the moment I reach home. If, as you say, there is danger before or around me, there are none whose protection I should so naturally seek."

"But this," said Poll, with an appearance of deep anxiety, "this is a matther of mere indifference to you: it's to me the danger is, if you spake of it—to me, I say—not to you."

"But I can have no secrets from my family."

"Well, but is it ginerous in you to put me—ay, my very life in danger—when all you have to do is merely to say nothing? However, since I must speak out—you'll put more than me in danger—them that you love betther, an' that you'd never carry a light heart, if any thing happened them."

Mary started—and a light seemed suddenly to break upon her.

"How," said she, "my engagement to Francis Harman is no secret; our marriage at no distant day being sanctioned by both our families. Is he involved in danger connected with your hints?"

"Deep and deadly, both to him and me. You don't know it, Miss Mary. If you love him, as you do—as is well known you do—if you would keep him and my poor worthless self out of danger, may be out of bloodshed—don't mention a syllable of this meetin' to any one; but of all persons livin' to himself, untill I give you lave, untill I can tell you it will be safe to do so. See, I kneel down with

hands clasped, I beg it of you for his sake and safety !"

It was pretty well known through the whole parish, especially by the initiated, that this same Poll Doolin, had in truth most of its secrets in her keeping; and that she had frequently conducted with success those rustic intrigues which are to be found in humble, as well as in high life. The former part of Poll's charater, however, was all that had ever reached the youthful ears of poor innocent Mary, whilst of her address as a diplomatist in the plots and pursuits of love, she was utterly ignorant. Naturally unsuspicious, as we have already said, she looked upon the woman's knowing character, rather as a circumstance calculated to corroborate the truth of the mystery which she must have discovered; and was so much moved by the unquestionable sincerity of her manner, and the safety of her own lover, that she assured her she would keep the secret, until permitted to divulge it; which she begged might be at as early a period as possible. Poll thanked her eagerly and gratefully, and in a few minutes, having made a circuit behind the ruin, sought the lower and richer country by a different path.

Mary unconsciously stood for some time after

Poll had left her, meditating over the strange almost unaccountable scene which had just t place, when a rich voice with which she was acquainted addressed her. She started, an turning about, found Francis Harman before Twilight had now nearly passed away, and the of evening was deepening into the darkness summer night.

"What on earth are you thinking of alo this place, my dear Mary, and who was woman who just left you?"

Mary though firm of character, was also t and warm of heart, and felt deeply for she loved. The interview with Poll, therefore excited apprehensions concerning Harman's s which disturbed her far more than any she for herself. He gave her his right arm as she s and they went on towards her father's house.

"Good God," he exclaimed, before she had to answer him, "what has disturbed or ala you, my sweet Mary? I feel your heart be against my arm, in a most extraordinary ma How is this?"

The consciousness of the injunction so sole and recently imposed, distressed her exceedi Her love of truth, was like her love of life

heaven, a sacred and instinctive principle which she must now not only violate, but be forced to run into the hateful practice of dissimulation. All this passed through her mind, in a moment.

"My dear Francis, I will freely admit that the beatings of my heart are not altogether without cause; I have been somewhat disturbed, but it will not signify; I shall be quite well in a moment—but where did you come from?"

"They told me you had gone up to poor Widow Carrick's—and I took the short way, thinking to find you there. But what has disturbed you, my dear Mary? Something has, and greatly too."

She looked up with an affectionate smile into his face, although there trembled a tear upon her eyelids, as she spoke—

"Do not ask me, my dear Frank; nor don't think the circumstance of much importance. It is a little secret of mine, which I cannot for the present disclose."

"Well, my love, I only ask to know if the woman that left you was Poll Doolin."

"I cannot answer even that, Frank; but such as the secret is, I trust you shall soon know it."

"That is enough, my darling. I am satisfied that you would conceal nothing from either your family

or me, which might be detrimental either to yourself or us—or which we ought to know."

"That is true," said she, "I feel that it is true."

"But then on the other hand," said he, playfully, "suppose our little darling were in possession of a secret which we ought *not* to know—what character should we bestow on the secret?"

This, though said in love and jest, distressed her so much that she was forced to tell him so—"my dear Francis," she replied, with as much composure as she could assume, "do not press me on this subject;—I cannot speak upon it now, and I consequently must throw myself on your love and generosity only for a short time, I hope."

"Not a syllable, my darling, on the subject until you resume it yourself—how are widow Carrick's sick children?"

"Somewhat better," she replied, "the two elder are recovering, and want nourishment, which, with the exception of my poor contributions, they cannot get."

"God love and guard your kind and charitable heart, my sweet Mary," said he, looking down tenderly into her beautiful face, and pressing her arm lovingly against his side.

"What a hard hearted man that under agent

M'Clutchy, is," she exclaimed, her beautiful eye brightening with indignation—" do you know that while her children were ill, his bailiff, Darby O'Drive, by his orders or authority, or some claim or other, took away her goose and the only half dozen of eggs she had for them—indeed, Frank, he's a sad curse to the property."

"He is what an old Vandal was once called for his cruelty and oppression—the Scourge of God," replied Harman, " such certainly the unhappy tenantry of the Topertoe family find him. Harsh and heartless as he is, however, what would he be were it not for the vigilance and humanity of Mr. Hickman? But are you aware, Mary, that his graceful son, Phil, was a suitor of yours?"

"Of mine—ha, ha, ha!—oh, that's too comical, Frank—but I am not—Had I really ever that honour?"

"Most certainly; his amiable father had the modesty to propose a matrimonial union between your family and his!"

"I never heard of it," replied Mary, " never;—but that is easily accounted for—my father, I know, would not insult me by the very mention of it."

" It's a fact though, that the illegitimate son of the blasphemous old squire, and of the virtuous and

celebrated Kate Clank, hoped to have united M'Loughlin blood with his!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Mary, shuddering, "the ve thought is sickening, revolting."

"It's not a pleasant subject, certainly," s Harman, "and the less that is said about it more disgust we shall avoid, at any rate."

Her lover having safely conducted Mary ho remained with her family only a few minutes, as evening was advanced, and he had still to go as as Castle Cumber, upon business connected with manufactory, which M'Loughlin and his father placed wholly under his superintendence.

Upon what slight circumstances does the happi of individuals, nay, even of states and kingdoms, frequently depend! Harman most assuredly incapable of altogether dismissing the circumsta of the evening—involved in mystery as they questionably were—out of his mind; not that entertained the slightest possible suspicion Mary's prudence or affection; but he felt a kin surprize at the novelty of the position in which saw she was placed, and no little pain in conseque of the disagreeable necessity for silence which admitted had been imposed on her. His confid in her, however, was boundless; and from this per

reliance on her discretion and truth, he derived an assurance that she was acting with strict propriety under the circumstances, whatever might be their character or tendency.

It may be necessary to mention here that a right of passage ran from Beleeven, the name of the village in which M'Loughlan resided, to the Castle Cumber high road, which it joined a little beyond Constitution Cottage, passing immediately through an angle of the clump of beeches already mentioned as growing behind the house. By this path, which shortened the way very much, Harman, and indeed every pedestrian acquainted with it, was in the habit of passing, and on the night in question he was proceeding along it at a pretty quick pace, when having reached the beeches just alluded to, he perceived two figures, a male and female, apparently engaged in close and earnest conversation. The distance at first was too great to enable him to form any opinion as to who they were, nor would he have even asked himself the question, were it not that the way necessarily brought him pretty near them. The reader may form some conception then of his surprise, his perplexity, and, disguise it as he might, his pain, on ascertaining that the female was no other than Poll Doolin, and her companion, graceful Phil himself—

the gallant and accomplished owner of Handsor Harry.

It appeared quite evident that the subject matt of their conversation was designed for no other e than their own, or why speak as they did in l and guarded tones, that implied great secrecy a caution. Nay, what proved still a plainer cor boration of this—no sooner was the noise of footsteps heard, than Poll squatted herself do behind the small hedge which separated the pathw from the space on which they stood, and this clea with a hope of concealing her person from his obs vation. Phil also turned away his face with purpose of concealment, but the impression left his lank and scraggy outline, as it stood twis before Harman, was such as could not be mistak Poll's identity not only on this occasion, but a during her hasty separation from Mary, was n established beyond the possibility of a doubt; a f which lent to both her interviews a degree of myst that confounded Harman. On thinking over t matter coolly, he could scarcely help believing th her appearance here was in some way connected wi the circumstances which had occasioned Mary much agitation and alarm. This suspicion, howev soon gave way to a more generous estimate of h

character, and he could not permit himself for a moment to imagine the existence of anything that was prejudicial to her truth and affection. At the same time he felt it impossible to prevent himself from experiencing a strong sense of anxiety, or, perhaps, we should say, a feeling of involuntary pain, which lay like a dead weight upon his heart and spirits. In truth, do what he might, and reason as he would, he could not expel from his mind the new and painful principle which disturbed it. And thus he went on, sometimes triumphantly defending Mary from all ungenerous suspicion, and again writhing under the vague and shapeless surmises which the singular events of the evening sent crowding to his imagination. His dreams on retiring to seek repose, were frightful—several times in the night he saw graceful Phil squinting at him with a nondescript leer of vengeance and derision in his yellow goggle eyes, and bearing Mary off, like some mis-shapen ogre of old, mounted upon Handsome Harry, who appeared to be gifted with the speed of Harkaway or flying Childers, whilst he himself could do nothing but stand helplessly by, and contemplate the triumph of his hated rival.

In the mean time, the respected father and grandfather of that worthy young gentleman were labour-

ing as assiduously for his advancement in life, a
he had been gifted with a catalogue of all hu
virtues. Old Deaker, true to his word, addre
the very next day, the following character
epistle—

"*To the Right Hon. Lord Cumber.*

"My Lord—It is unnecessary to tell you th
was, during my life, a plain, blunt fellow in al
transactions. When I was honest, I was h
like a man; and when I did the roguery, I d
like an open, fearless knave, that defied the w
and scorned hypocrisy. I am, therefore, the
consistent old scoundrel as ever; or the same
good-humoured rascal which your old father
sold his country—and yourself—who would s
too, if you had one to sell—ever found me.
make short work, then, I want you to dismiss
poor, scurvy devil, Hickman, from your agency
to put that misbegotten spawn of mine in his
I mean Val M'Clutchy, or Val the Vulture, as
have very properly christened him. Hickman'
the thing, in any sense. He can't manage the p
and they impose upon him—then you suffe
course. Besides, he's an anti-ascendancy ma
late, and will go against you at the forthc
Election. The fellow pretends to have a consc

and be cursed to him—prates about the Union—preaches against corruption—and talks about the people, as if they were fit to be any thing else than what they are. This is a pretty fellow for you to have as an agent to your property. Now, I'll tell what, my Lord—you know old Deaker well. His motto is—*'let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'* I'll tell you what, I say; I have a mortgage on your property for fourteen thousand pounds. Now, put in Val, or I'll be speaking to my lawyer about it. Put in Val, or you will never warm your posterities in a seat for this county, so long as I carry the key of it. In doing so, make no wry faces about it—you will only serve yourself and your property, and serve Val into the bargain. Val, to be sure, is as confounded a scoundrel as any of us, but then he is a staunch Protestant; and you ought not to be told at this time of day, that the greater the scoundrel, the better the agent. Would you have a fellow, for instance, whose conscience, indeed, must stand between you and your interest? Would you have some honest blockhead, who, when you are to be served by a piece of friendly rascality, will plead scruples. If so, you are a greater fool than ever I took you to be. Make Val your agent, and it is not *you* that will suffer by him, but the

people—whom, of course, no one cares a curse about. I ought to have some claim on you, I think. Many a lift I have given your precious old father, Tom Topertoe, when I did not think of pleading scruples. To tell you the truth, many a dirty trick I played for him, and never brought my conscience to account for it. Make the most of this rascally world, and of the rascals that are in it, for we are all alike in the grave. Put in Val, then, and don't make an enemy of

"Your old friend,

"RANDAL DEAKER.

"P.S.—As to Val, he knows nothing of this transaction—I told him I would say so, and I keep my word. I forgot to say, that if you write this beggarly devil, Hickman, a sharp letter for money, he may probably save you the trouble of turning him out. I know him well—he is a thin skinned fool, and will be apt to bolt, if you follow my advice.

"Yours as you deserve it,

"R. D."

Now, it is necessary to say here, that amidst all this pretence of open villany, there ran an undercurrent of cunning that might escape the observation of most men. In truth, old Deaker was not only a knave, but a most unscrupulous oppressor at heart,

especially when he happened to get a man in his power from whom he wished to extort a favour, or on whom he wished to inflict an injury. In the present instance he felt perfectly conscious of his power over the heartless profligate to whom he wrote such a characteristic letter, and the result shows that he neither miscalculated the feeble principles of his correspondent, nor the consequences of his own influence over him. By due return of post he received a reply of which the following is a copy:—

"OLD DEAKER—You have me fast, and you know it—so I suppose *must* is the word; now I'll tell you what I want, you old villain; I want two thousand pounds, and if M'Clutchy is to get the agency, I *must* have the money—so there is *my* must as well as *yours*. In the mean time I have written to Hickman on the same subject, want of money, I mean—what the consequences may be I know not, but I fancy I can guess them.

"Yours,

"CUMBER."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIFE AND VIRTUES OF AN IRISH ABSENTEE—DU
OF AN IRISH LANDLORD—AN APOLOGUE ON PROP
—REASONS FOR APPOINTING AN AGENT—M'CLUT
NOTION OF HIS DUTIES—RECEIPT TO MAKE A F
SHILLING FREEHOLDER.

Lord Cumber to Henry Hickman, Esq.

"*London, April* 1*st.* 1

"My Dear Hickman,

"I wrote to you the day before yester
and as the letter was one of a very pressing nat
I hope its influence won't be lost upon you. To
who are so well acquainted with the cursed pick
which I am placed, it is unnecessary to say th
shall be fairly done up, unless you can squ
something for me out of those rascally tenant
mine. *Fairly* done up is not the proper term eitl
for between you and me, I strongly suspect a y
fellow called Swingler, an ironmonger's son, of gi
me a twist too much, on more than one occa

as introduced, that is, proposed as a member
r club, by Sir Robert Ratsbane, whose grand-
r was a druggist, and seconded by Lord Load-
, the celebrated lady killer, as a regular pigeon,
dropped, by the death of old 'burn the wind,'
half a million at least. The fellow did appear
a very capital speculation, but the whole thing,
ever, was a trick, as I strongly suspect; for after
g to a tolerably smart tune, our gentleman
n to illustrate the doctrine of re-action, and has,
er the character of a pigeon, already fleeced half
ore of us. Last week I suffered to the tune of
ıt hundred—Sir Harry Heavyhead to that of
lve—Bill Swag five—and the Hon. Tom Trick-
n himself, who scarcely ever loses, gave bills for
fifties. I can't stand this, Hickman, that is, I
not afford to stand it. What is fifteen thousand a
r to a man like me, who must support his rank, or
driven to the purgatorial alternative of being im-
soned on his own estate? Hickman, you have no
vels for me, although you can have for the hard fisted
rs on my property, who wont pay up as they ought,
all through your indolence or neglect. You *must*
l me money, get it where you will; beg, borrow,
drive, cant, sell out—for money I must have.
thousand within a fortnight, and no disappoint-

ment, or I am dished. You know not the demand upon me, and therefore you, naturally enough, think very easily—much too easily—of my confounded difficulties. If you had an opera girl to keep, as I have—and a devilish expensive appendage the affectionate jade is—perhaps you might feel a little more Christian sympathy for me than you do. If you had the expenses of my yacht—my large stud at Melton Mowbray and Doncaster, and the yearly deficits in my betting book, besides the never ending train of jockies, grooms, feeders, trainers, *et hoc genus omne*—to meet, it is probable, old boy, you would not feel so very boundless an interest, as you say you do, in the peace and welfare of another man's tenantry, and all this at that other man's expense. You're confoundedly unreasonable, Hickman. Why feel, or pretend to feel, more for these fellows, their bare legged wives, and ragged brats, than you do for a nobleman of rank, to whom you are deeply indebted. I mean you no offence, Hickman; you are in other respects an honest fellow enough, and if possessed of only a little less heart, as the times go, and more skill in raising money from these people, you would be invaluable to such a distressed devil as I am. As it is, I regret to say, that you are more a friend to my tenantry than to myself,

which is a poor qualification for an agent. In fact, we, the Irish aristocracy living here, or absentees as you call us, instead of being assailed by abuse, want of patriotism, neglect of duties, and all that kind of stuff, have an especial claim upon the compassion of their countrymen. If you knew what we, with limited means and encumbered properties, must suffer in attempting to compete with the aristocracy of this country, who are enormously rich, you would say that we deserve immortal credit for holding out and keeping up appearances as we do—not that I think we always come off scot free from their ridicule, especially when they see the shifts to which we are put, in order to stretch onward at their own pace. However, we must drink when we are thirsty as well as they, and if the water happen to be low in the cistern, which, indeed, is mostly the case with us, we must, as the rook in the fable did with the pebbles, throw in rackrenting, drivings, executions, mortgages, loans, &c., in order to bring it within our reach—for there is ingenuity in everything, as the proverb says, except in roasting of eggs.

"Come, then, Hickman, set to work at once. My yacht has been damaged by a foolish wager I made to run her through a creek of reefs at low water, so that the mere repairs will cost me a cool two hun-

dred at least. Besides this, I have pledged myse to buy my charming little Signora, a pair of Blen hem spaniels that she has fallen in love with, f which I shall have to fork out a hundred and fift *down*. I say, then, again, my dear Hickman, mone money; money by *any* means, but by *all* mear money; *rem, sed quocunque modo, rem.*

"By the way is there not a man there, a kind c under-fellow in something—agent, I believe—som time appointed, named M'Switchy, or M'Smatchey or M'Clutchy, or some such euphonious appellative Somebody, old Deaker I think, once mentioned hin to me in strong terms, and said he might become cap able of being useful; and you know, Hickman, as wel as I do, that every property circumstanced as mine is, requires a *useful* fellow of that particular descrip- tion. For instance, I dare say, there are certain proceedings connected with your duty to which you have no great inclination, and, under these circum- stances, would it not be prudent at least to resort to the agency of somebody like this M'Clutchy; a fellow not over-burthened with *too* strong a pre- ception of the *necessary pressure.* But the truth is, if I proceed in this manner, your humanity, as the cant goes, will take the alarm; you will say, that my residence abroad has not improved my principles;

and that I am rather strongly tainted with club morality, and the ethics of the gaming house. So would you, perhaps, if you breathed my atmosphere, and were exposed to my temptations. But now I am preaching, and not to the right purpose either; so as I said before, I say again—money, money, money.

"I am, my dear Hickman,

"Thy friend in distress,

"CUMBER."

Henry Hickman, Esq., to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Cumber:—

"*Primrose Hill,*

"*April* 18—

"MY LORD,

"I have had the honour of receiving both your communications, and have read them, especially that of the first instant, with great pain. I need not tell you, that I have been your father's friend—that I have been, and still am your friend, and as such, from my age and anxiety for your Lordship's welfare and reputation, I must take the liberty of one who has both sincerely at heart, to write to you in terms which a mere agent could not with propriety use. As this letter, therefore, is

written for your own eye only, you will
enough to remember that in every thing s
home-spoken in it, the friend, and not
speaks—at the same time, I must admit,
from the knowledge gained as an agen
remonstrate as a friend.

" It is now beyond a doubt, my Lord,
position is one surrounded with difficultie
to be surmounted, unless by measures w
an honest man, cannot permit myself
So long as the course of life, which it h
your Lordship's better taste and juc
pursue, did not bring within the comp
duties as your agent, the exhibition of p
variance with humanity and justice, so
fulfil those duties with all the ability an
your just interests which I could exert.
perceive, that you have driven me to
beyond which I cannot put my foot, w
honour to myself. I have been the age
property, my Lord, but I shall never
instrument of your vices; and believe m
distinction which in our unhappy coun
seldom observed. Many an agent, my
built himself a fortune out of the very n
his employer, and left to his children the

reflection that their independence originated from profligacy on the one hand, and dishonesty on the other. You see, my Lord, I find it necessary to be very plain with you, and to say, that however you may feel yourself disposed to follow the one course, I shall not rival you in the other. I cannot become a scourge inflicted by your necessities, not to use a harsher word, upon a suffering people, who are already exhausted and provoked by an excess of severity and neglect. Think of the predicament in which you would have me stand—of the defence which you place in my lips. Should your tenantry ask me—'why are you thus cruel and oppressive upon us?' what reply could I make but this—'I am thus cruel because his Lordship is profligate. He wants money to support his mistress, to feed her vanities and excesses, and you must endure distress and privation, that the insatiable rapacity of a courtezan may be gratified. His Lordship too, has horses and dogs, in the welfare of which he feels a deep interest.' 'But why does he not feel an interest in us?' 'So he does, for are not you the persons by whose toil and labour he is enabled to support them all?' 'So that in point of fact, we are made indirectly the agents of his crimes. The privations which we suffer—the sweat of our brows—

the labour of our hands, go to the support of hi wantonness, his luxury, and his extravagance! This then, is his interest in us?' 'Yes—work, *that yo may feed them*—starve, that his mistress may ric in wantonness; perish your children, that his dog may be fed!' In such a position as this, my Lor I shall never place myself, but you may easily fin many that will. The moment your necessities ar known, knavery will be immediately at work, an assume its guardianship over folly. Indeed there i a monarchical spirit in knavery, which has never yet been observed. The knave keeps his fool, as did the kings of old, with this only difference, and a material one it is—that whilst the fool always lived at the king's expense, the knave lives at the fool's. How your Lordship may feel under the new administration I cannot say, but I am inclined to think you will *not* find it a distinction without a difference By this, of course, you understand, my Lord, tha I at once resign my agency.

"And now, my Lord, in addition to many othe unavailable remonstrances made by me, not onl against your licentious habits as a man, but agains your still more indefensible conduct as a landlord allow me to address you in a spirit of honesty, whic I fear is not easily found among the class to whic

I belong. I look upon this as a duty which I owe less to you than to my country, because I am satisfied that the most important service which can be rendered to any man, not ashamed of either your habits or principles, is to lay before him a clear, but short and simple statement, of that which constitutes his duty as a landlord—I should say an *Irish* landlord—for there is a national idiosyncrasy of constitution about such a man, which appears to prevent him from properly discharging his duties, either as a friend to himself, or a just man to his tenantry.

"The first principle, therefore, which an Irish landlord—or, indeed any landlord—should lay down, as his fixed and unerring guide, is ever to remember that his tenantry are his best friends—his only patrons—and that instead of looking down upon them with contempt, neglect, or even indifference, he should feel that they are his chief benefactors, who prop his influence, maintain his rank, and support his authority.

"The second is—that the duties of the landlord to his tenantry are much greater, and far more important than those of his tenantry to him, and should at least be quite as equitably and attentively discharged.

"The third is—to remember that the great r of the population in Ireland belong to one creed, the great bulk of landed proprietors to another; to take care that none of those fierce and iniqui prerogatives of power, which are claimed and e cised by those who possess property, shall be fered, in the name of religion, or politics, or pr dice of any kind, to disturb or abridge the civi religious rights of the people, and thus weaken bonds which should render the interests of land and tenant identical. Prejudice so exercise tyranny. Every landlord should remember the soil is of no religion.

"The fourth is—simply to remember that tl who live upon our property have bodies and s passions, reflections, and feelings like ourselves. T they are susceptible of hunger, cold, grief, joy, s ness, and sorrow—that they love their children domestic relatives, are attached to their relig bound by strong and heartfelt ties to the soil t live on, and are, in fact, moved by all those gen laws and principles of life and nature, which g make up social and individual happiness—to rem ber, in short, that they are men who have higher tinies in life, than merely administering to the wa excesses, or crimes of others; and that no condi

has ever yet been known to subsist between landlord and tenant, or even between man and man, by which one party is required to surrender comfort, freedom, and enjoyment, in fact, all that life is good for, merely to gratify the wants, vices, or ambition of the other.

"The fifth and last is—not by oppression, cruelty, or rapacity, to goad the people into madness and outrage, under the plausible name of law or justice; or to drive the national mind—which is a clear one—into reflections that may lead it to fall back upon first principles, or force it to remember that the universal consent by which the rights of property are acknowledged, may, under the exasperation of overstrained pressure, in a land so peculiarly circumstanced as Ireland is, be altogether withheld, and thus its whole foundations shaken or overturned, and the justice of individual claims and prescriptive right lost in the tumult.

These principles are simple, my Lord, but they ought at least to be better known, or what would be still more desirable, better practised. As, however, my paper is nearly filled, I shall finish my communication with a short fable, to which I beg your lordship's serious attention.

There lived a man once who was foolish enough

to entertain a senseless prejudice against cow because they did not give milk all the year roun This man was married, and of course, had numerous family of children, and being very laz and improvident, depended principally upon th kindliness of an excellent cow, whose milk wa the chief means of his support and theirs. At length in the due course of time, the poor cow, a every one must know, began to yield it in diminished quantities, and as it happened to be a severe year, and as the lazy man we speak of, had made no provision for its occurrence, it is unnecessary to say that he and his family were put to the greatest straits for subsistence. Finding, after much deliberation, that the poor animal, which they kicked and cudgelled to excess, could not change the laws of nature, or afford them that which she did not possess, it was determined by her proprietor, that as she failed in supplying them with sufficient milk they should try the phleme, and have recourse to her blood, in order to eke out their support. Accordingly she was bled, along with being milked; but if the quantity of milk she gave before was little, it now became less, so that in proportion as they drew upon the one the other diminished, as was but natural. In this way they proceeded, milking an

bleeding the poor animal at the same time, not only without any benefit to themselves, but with a certain prospect of her ultimate loss, when one day the cow, after having ruminated for some time on the treatment she was receiving, began to reflect that she could not be much worse, or rather, that she must soon altogether sink under this system of double drainage. 'Well,' thought she, 'I feel how matters must close with me at last; I am indeed, near the end of my tether; what have I now to fear when I know that I cannot be worse? And if I am to die, as I must, is it not better to have satisfaction for my sufferings?' Accordingly, the next morning when her owner went to get blood for their breakfast, it so happened that the cow thrust a horn into him, and he was found lying a corpse under her lifeless carcase—the last drop of her blood having been expended under the final operation of the phlemes.

"My Lord, the moral of this is as obvious as it is fearful—and fearfully have the circumstances of the country, and the principles of such men as you, caused it to be illustrated. If landlords will press too severely upon the functions of human suffering and patience, it is not to be surprized, although it is to be deplored, that where no legal remedy exists against individual cruelty or rapacity, or that plau-

sible selfishness, which is the worst species of oppr sion—that the law, I say, which protects only one party should be forgotten or despised by other, and a fiercer code of vengeance substitute(its stead.

"With respect to Mr. M'Clutchy, surely y lordship must remember that by your own letter was appointed under agent more than three ye ago.

"If, after the many remonstrances I have l occasion to make against his general conduct to tenants, you consider him a *useful* man upon y property, you will, in that case, have to abide consequences of your confidence in him. You a at all events, duly forewarned.

"I now must beg leave, my Lord, to render my trust, to resign my situation as the agent of y estates—I do so with pain, but the course of y lordship's life has left me no other alternative. cannot rack and goad your tenants, nor injure y own property. I cannot paralyze industry, cra honest exertion, or distress poverty still furtl merely to supply necessities which are little less tl criminal in yourself and ruinous to your tenantry

"Believe me, my Lord, I would not abandon y in your difficulties, if I saw any honourable me:

tricating you from them. You know, however, every practicable step has been taken for that se, but without effect—your property should rapidly indeed, in order to keep pace with the sing and incessant demands which are made it. We can borrow no more, and the know- of that fact alone, ought to set a limit to your vagance. Excuse this plainness, my Lord, it is neant and void of intentional offence.

shall be ready in a few days to deliver all books, s, documents, &c., connected with the property, y person duly authorised by your Lordship to ve them.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"HENRY HICKMAN."

ie Right Honourable Lord Cumber, to Valen- M'Clutchy :—

"*Doncaster, April* 18—

SIR,

"In consequence of certain communications h have passed between Mr. Hickman and myself, ve determined that he shall no longer act in the city of my agent. The situation is therefore n, and, until a competent person shall be appointed,

I authorize you to discharge its duties, and receive from him a correct statement of all accounts between us, together with all deeds, leases, books, papers, &c., in his possession; you first having procured me adequate security, the amount of which will be determined by M'Slime, my law agent, who will join or aid you in making all necessary arrangements.

"You will also have the goodness as soon afterwards as you feel it practicable, to transmit me a bona fide account of the Ballyracket and Tullygrindem estates, their capability of improvement, the condition of the tenantry, what leases are expired, if any, and those which will soon drop, with a view of seeing what can be made out of it. In this, also, M'Slime will aid you.

"As to the person who may succeed Hickman, as a necessary preliminary he must lay down two thousand pounds, in the shape of an equivalent for the appointment. Could you within a fortnight or so, raise so much? If so, let me hear from you without delay, as it is not unlikely in that case, I may appoint yourself.

"By the way, do you understand the manufacture of forty shilling free-holders in an economical way, because if you do, it would be a desideratum. Par-

liament, it is said, will be dissolved in June, and I want, as well as I can remember, nearly two hundred votes. My brother lost the last election by something about that number, and I know he feels very anxious to get into parliament for many reasons. He is now on the continent, where he has been for the last three years."

Valentine M'Clutchy, Esq., to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Cumber:—

"My Lord,

"I have had the honour of receiving your Lordship's kind communication, to which I hasten to make the earliest possible reply. And first, my Lord, allow me to return sincere thanks for your warm kindness, in promising to appoint me your agent. You may rest assured, my Lord, that I will go through my duties as such without favour or affection to any one, barring your Lordship, whose interests it will night and day become my duty to study. With respect to the loan your Lordship makes allusion to, I fear it will be out of my power to raise it—that is to the full amount; but if one half would do, I might by the aid of friends get it together. As for security, I trust it is only necessary to say, that Randal Deaker and

Cadwallader Tullywagger, Esqrs., are
it to any amount, so that there is no di
at all events.

"On looking again at your Lo
letter, it appears possible that I mad
considering the two thousand as a loa
other hand, there is not a man living
the high principles and delicate f
aristocracy more than I do, and th
was, that I feared in supposing it o
loan, I might offend your Lordship's
honour, which I pledge my credit
would grieve my heart even to thi
this impression, then, I shall continu
loan, until I have the honour of hea
Lordship again.

"Your anxiety, my Lord, to ascert
your property and the condition of y
certainly honourable to yourself, as
proof of the generous interest you
welfare. It is fortunate in this insta
Lordship should apply to a man wh
best opportunities of becoming acquai
True, I am a simple minded man,
if I possess one quality more than a
love of truth, and a slow, but straight

severance in whatever is right. It is to this, always under providence, that I owe every thing. I grant indeed, that it ill becomes me to speak in this manner of myself, but my object in doing so is, that as I am about to enter into communications touching your Lordship's tenants and property, you may be induced to place the fullest confidence in whatever I shall say. Many a time, indeed, my excellent and worthy friend, Mr. Hickman, has made the same observation, and I felt it gratifying in the highest degree to hear this from a man who is truth itself; and whose only fault is—if it be one—that his heart is *too* kind, and rather easily imposed on by those who deal in fraud and cunning. A man like him, who, if he cannot speak well of an absent friend, will be silent, is a jewel in this life which ought to be worn in the very core of the heart.

"With respect to the Ballyracket estate, of which I shall speak first, I cannot report so favourably as I could wish. The task, in fact, is to me personally, a very painful one; especially with reference to that well meaning and estimable gentleman, Mr. Hickman. In the first place, my Lord, the tenantry are not at all in arrears, a circumstance which is by no means in favour of the landlord, especially in an Irish one. Every one knows that an Irish season-

lord has other demands upon his tenantry besid the payment of their rents. Is there no stress, f instance, to be laid upon his political influence, whi cannot be exerted unless through their agency Now a tenant not in arrears to his landlord, is cor paratively independent, but it is not with an ind pendent tenantry that a landlord can work his wishe No, my Lord; the safe principle is to keep th tenant two or three gales behind, and if he fails i submission, or turns restiff, and becomes openl contumacious, *then* you have the means of rectifyin the errors of his judgment in your own hands, an it can be done with the colour of both law and justice behind which any man may stand without the imputation of harsh motives, or an excessive love of subordination. I am sorry that Mr. Hickman should differ with me on this point, for he is a man whose opinions are very valuable on many things, with the exception of his amiable and kind-hearted obstinacy.

" The next disadvantage to your interests, my Lord, is another error—I am sorry to be forced to say it—of Mr. Hickman. That gentleman is an advocate for education and the spread of knowledge. Now if an agent were as much devoted to the interest of the people, as he is and ought to be to love of the landlord, this principle might pass; but

take it, that the sole duty of an agent is to ex-
l the interests of his employer exclusively, so
I opposed to any plan or practice by which the
ple may be taught to think *too* clearly. For
me ask, my Lord, what class of persons, at the
proach of an election, for instance, or during its
ntinuance, are most available for our interests?
ho are driven without reluctance, without thought,
without reason, in blind and infatuated multi-
ides, to the hustings? Certainly not those who
ave been educated, or taught to think and act for
hemselves; but the poor and the ignorant. And,
ny Lord, is not the vote of an ignorant man as
alid in law, as that of one who is enlightened? For
hese reasons, then, I do not approve of the new
chools which Mr. Hickman has established; and I
vas pleased to hear that your Lordship was suffici-
ntly awake to your own interests, to decline grant-
ng them any support. No, my Lord; an educated
people will be a thinking people—a thinking people
vill be an independent people—but an independent
people will not be a manageable people; and if that
s not placing the subject in a satisfactory light, I
know not what is.

"I need scarcely assure you, my Lord, that in
ny own humble way, I did every thing I reason-

ably could, to discountenance the education systen I even went so far as to prevent several of the ten ants from sending their children to these schools but, as usual, I experienced but little gratitude a their hands, or at those of their parents. This, how ever, was not so much owing to my interference, a to the accidental circumstance of three or four o them having been hanged and transported fo crimes, which they were base enough to impute t the ignorance occasioned by my principles—for s they spoke.

"Such, then, is the condition of the Ballyracke tenantry. They are not in arrears, and you ma consequently guess at the wretched state of thei moral feelings. They are, in fact, every day be coming more aware of the very kind of knowledg which we don't wish them to possess. They do n slink aside when they see you now; on the contrar they stand erect, and look you fearlessly in the fac Upon my credit and reputation this is truth—melan choly truth, my Lord—and I fear that at the ne election you will find it so to your cost.

"I have lost no time in ascertaining the oth particulars mentioned in your Lordship's lette The leases of three townlands expired on March las They are Derrydowny, Cracknaboulteen, and Bally

weltem. The principal tenant of Derrydowny is a very respectable widow—one Mrs. M'Swaddle—a woman of serious habits, if not of decided piety. She has three daughters, all of whom sit under the ministration of a Mr. Boltham—which is pronounced Bottom—a young preacher, belonging to the Methodist connexion. They are to all appearance well in the world, keep a conversation car, and have the reputation of being very honest and saving. Old M'Swaddle himself was a revenue collector, and it is said, died richer than they are willing to admit. Cracknaboulteen is altogether in the possession of the celebrated family of the M'Kegs—or, as they are called, the Five Sols—the name of each being Solomon, which is shortened into Sol. There is lame Sol, blind Sol, long Sol, uncertain Sol, and Sol of the mountain. They are celebrated distillers of poteen whiskey, but are not rich. The estate, in fact, would be better without them, were it not for their votes. The townland of Ballyweltem is principally the property of a wild faction, named M'Kippeen, whose great delight is to keep up perpetual feud against an opposite faction of the O'Squads, who on their part are every whit as eager for the fray as their enemies. These people are also poor enough, and in an election are not to be depended

on. I should say, in addition to this, that several renewal fines will fall in during the course of the winter. I shall, however, examine the leases, and other documents, still more searchingly, and see what can be got out of it, and how far we can go.

"The Tullygrindem estate is, I am sorry to say in a still more disheartening condition. There is a very bitter and knowing family living on the town land of Beleeven, named M'Loughlin, who have contrived to spread dangerous and destructive principles among the tenantry. They are cunning unscrupulous, and vindictive, but cautious, plausible, and cloaked with the deepest hypocrisy. I have been endeavouring for years to conciliate, or rather, reform them by kindness, but hitherto without effect; whether I shall ultimately succeed in purifying this fountain head of bigotry and unconstitutional principle—I do not wish to use a shorter, but a much stronger term—I cannot yet say. I shall, at all events, from a sense of justice to you, my Lord, and of kindness—mistaken it may be, I grant you—to them, continue to make the desirable attempt. My amiable friend, Hickman, has certainly been made the dupe of their adroitness, but, indeed, he is too simple and credulous for this world, as every kind hearted man, with great benevolence and little judgment, usu-

ally is. If I had not risen honestly and honourably, as I trust I may say, through the gradations of office upon this property, I think it probable I might myself have been deceived and misled by the natural and seductive tact of this dangerous family. Mr. Hickman espouses their quarrel, not exactly their quarrel, but their cause against me; but that is so completely in accordance with his easy simplicity of character, and his pardonable love of popularity, that it rather endears him to me than otherwise.

"Indeed, I may say, my Lord, candidly and confidentially, that there is a spirit abroad upon your estates, which requires to be vigilantly watched, and checked with all due and reasonable promptitude; I allude principally to these M'Loughlins, and when I state that my excellent and well disposed friend, is absolutely popular among your tenantry, even although he made them pay up to the very last gale, and that I am by no means in good odour with them, you will not be surprised when I furnish your Lordship with a key to this same state of feeling which exists so generally in this country. This, then, my Lord, is the secret :—whenever an Irish agent devotes himself honestly to the wants, wishes, and interests of his employer, especially if he be needy and pressed for money, so sure will he become

unpopular with the tenantry. Now, I am somewhat unpopular with the tenantry, and my amiable friend Hickman, is beloved by them; but I think your Lordship by this time understands the why and the wherefore on both sides. As your agent, my Lord, I should regret such popularity, at the same time, I think the intentions of poor, sweet, amiable Hickman's heart, are such as we must all love and admire.

"With respect, my Lord, to the manufacture of the 'Forties,' as a certain comical class of freeholders are termed, I could have easily undertaken to double the number you mention, on the most reasonable terms, were it not for the discouraging system adopted by Mr. Hickman. As it is, I must see what can be done; but your Lordship knows that I can take no step either in this or anything else, until my appointment shall be finally confirmed. Perhaps you are not aware of the remarkable document, on the subject in question, which has recently gone its rounds in this country. It is called—

'A RECEIPT TO MAKE A FORTY SHILLING FREEHOLDER.'

"'Take the poorest Irishman you can get, he must be destitute and ignorant, for then he will be slavish, give him a mud cabin, but no education; let the former be a bad model of an indifferent pig-stye, and

held at thrice its value. Put him to repose on a comfortable bed of damp straw, with his own coat and his wife's petticoat, for bed clothes. Pamper him on two half meals of potatoes and point per day—with water ad libitum. For clothing—let him have a new shirt once every three years—to give him exercise and keep him clean—a hat once in every seven, and brogues whenever he can get them. His coat and breeches—lest he might grow too independent—must be worn upon the principle of the Highlander's knife, which, although a century in the family, was never changed, except sometimes the handle and sometimes the blade. Let his right to vote be founded upon a freehold property of six feet square, or as much as may be encompassed by his own shirt, and take care that there be a gooseberry bush in the centre of it; he must have from four to ten children, as a proof of his standing in society, all *fashionably* dressed, and coming at the rate of one every twelve months. Having thus, by a liberal system of feeding and clothing, rendered him strong for labour, you must work him from dark to dark—pay him four pence a day for three quarters of the year, with permission to beg or starve for the remainder. When in health task him beyond his strength, and when sick neglect him—for there is nothing so beautiful as

kindness in a landlord, and gratitude in a tenant—and thus will your virtues become reciprocal. He must live under a gradation of six landlords, so that whoever defaults, he may suffer—and he will have the advantage of six tyrants instead of one. Your agent is to wheedle, and your bailiff to bully him; the one must promise, and the other threaten; but if both fail, you must try him yourself. Should he become intractable under all this, you must take purer measures.—Compliment him on his wife—praise and admire his children—play upon his affections, and corrupt him through his very virtues—for that will show that you love your country and her people better than your own interests. Place a promise of independence on one side of him, but a ruined cottage and extermination on the other.—When all his scruples are thus honourably overcome, and his conscience skilfully removed, take him for twenty minutes or so out of his rags, put him into a voting suit that he may avoid suspicion, bring him up to the poll—steep him in the strongest perjury; then strip him of his voting suit, clap him into his rags, and having thus fitted him for the perpetration of any treachery or crime, set him at large once more that he may disseminate your own principles upon your own property, until you may require him

again. Having thus honestly discharged your duty to God and your country, go calmly to your pillow, where you can rest in the consciousness of having done all that a virtuous man and true patriot can do, to promote the comfort and independence of his fellow-creatures.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"VAL M'CLUTCHY."

Lord Cumber to Solomon M'Slime, Esq., Attorney at Law:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Enclosed is a letter to Mr. M'Clutchy, which I will trouble you to forward to him as soon as you can. It contains his appointment to the vacant agency, together with the proper power of attorney, and I have every reason to hope, that my property will improve under him. I did think it no breach of any honourable principle, to make him advance, by way of compensation, the sum of two thousand pounds. It is a thing very usually done, I am aware, and by men who would not bear any imputation against their honour. But I know not how it is, his letter has deterred me from taking the money in that light. It would be certainly too bad, to allow a person of his birth and standing in the world, to teach one of mine a lesson in delicacy of

feeling. For this reason, then, let him advance the money on the usual terms of loan:—*that* you can adjust between you. All I ask is, that you will not lose one moment of unnecessary time in accomplishing this business, and remitting the money. Two thousand in a fornight will be of more value to me than four in a month, owing to the peculiar difficulties in which I am placed. "Yours,

"CUMBER.

"P. S.—I say, my little saint, I hope you are as religious as ever—but in the mean time as it is not unlikely—but on the contrary very probable—if not altogether certain—that I shall be in Ireland should an election take place, I trust you will have the kindness to let me know if there's e'er a pretty girl in the neighbourhood—that wants a friend and protector—ha, ha, ha—as great a sinner as ever, you see—but for that reason you know the more entitled to your prayers for my conversion. The greater the saint, the greater the sinner now a days—or is it the *other* way? I forget.

"CUMBER."

Lord Cumber to Val M'Clutchy, enclosed in the above:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very happy in appointing you to the important situation of my agent, with all the neces-

sary powers and authority to act as may seem best to you for my advantage. The money I will take on your own terms, only I beg that you will lose no time in remitting it. I agree with you in thinking that Mr. Hickman, however well meaning, was deficient in firmness and penetration of character, so far as the tenants were concerned; and I would recommend you to avoid the errors which you perceived in him. With many principles laid down in your letter I agree, but not with all. For instance if I understand you right, you would appear to advocate too much indulgence to the tenantry at my expense; for what else is allowing them to run into arrears. This certainly keeps the money out of my pocket, and you cannot surely expect me to countenance such a proceeding as that:—whilst I say this, it is due to you that I consider your ultimate object a correct one. Property loses a great portion of its value, unless the landlord's influence over the people be as strong as his right in the soil; and for this reason, the duty of every landlord is to exercise as powerful a controul over the former, and get as much out of the latter, as he can. The landlords, to be sure, are of one religion, and the people of another; but so long as we can avail ourselves of the latter for political purposes, we need care but little about their

creed. The results in this case are precisely same as if the country were Protestant, and tha as much as we want. Indeed I question, if the wh Irish population were Protestant to morrow, whet the fact would not be against us. I now speak identifying myself with British interests. Wc we find them as manageable and as easily shaped our purposes? I fear not. They would dem education, knowledge, and all the fulness of c liberty; they would become independent, they wc think for themselves, and in what predicament wc that place us? Could we then work out Bri interests, foster British prejudices, and aid Bri ambition as we do? Certainly not, unless we h the people with us, and without them we are nothi

"On the whole, then, so long as we continue maintain our proper influence over them, I th without doubt, we are much safer as we stand.

"With respect to the discharge of your du your own judgment will be a better guide t mine. As I said before, avoid Hickman's erro I fear he was too soft, credulous, and easily pla upon. Excess of feeling, in fact, is a bad qualif tion in an agent. Humanity is very well in its pla but a strong sense of duty is worth a thousand o It strikes me, that you would do well to put o

manner in your intercourse with the tenants, as much opposed to Hickman's as possible. Be generally angry, speak loud, swear roundly, and make them know their place. To bully and brow beat is not easily done with success, even in a just cause, although with a broken spirited people it is a good gift; but after all I apprehend the best method is just to adapt your bearing to the character of the person you have to deal with, if you wish as you ought, to arrive at that ascendancy of feeling on your part, and subserviency on theirs, which are necessary to keep them in proper temper for your purposes.

"Your receipt for making a forty shilling freeholder contains many excellent ingredients, but I do not think it was honestly drawn up; that is, I believe it to be the production of some one who was not friendly to that system of franchise. I have little else to say, except that you will find it necessary I think to be very firm and rigorous. Remember that we are here to day, and gone to morrow; so upon this principle keep them moving at a steady pace. In three words, think of my difficulties, and get all you can out of them—still remembering, as we say in the ring, never to train

them below their strength, for that would be the loss of our own battle.

"Yours,

"CUMBER."

Solomon M'Slime, Esq., Attorney at law, to Lord Cumber.

"MY ESTEEMED LORD,

"I had the unmerited honour—for, indeed, to a man sensible of his many frailties as I am, I feel it is an unmerited honour—to receive any communication from one whom the Lord hath exalted to a place of such high rank in this world, as that which your Lordship so worthily fills. It gives me great gratification, my Lord, to learn from your last letter that you have appointed my friend, Mr. Valentine M'Clutchy, as your agent. I am not in the habit of attributing such circumstances as this—being, as they generally are, matters of mere worldly prudence and convenience—to any over-ruling cause from above; but truly the appointment of such a man at this particular time, looks as if there were a principle of good at work for your Lordship's interests. May you continue, as you do, to deserve it! Your change of agents is, indeed, one that, through the talent, energy, and integrity of Mr. M'Clutchy,

is likely to redound much and largely to your own benefit. In his capacity of under agent, I have had frequent opportunities of transacting business with him; and when I contrast his quickness, clearness, honesty, and skill, with the evident want of——but no, my Lord; far be it from me, as a Christian man, to institute any rash comparison either in favour of my fellow-creature or against him, so long as sin and prejudice even for that which is good, and frailty, may render us, as they often do, liable to error. In Mr. M'Clutchy it is possible I may be mistaken; in Mr. Hickman it is possible I may be mistaken—I am not infallible—I am frail—a very sinner, but not removed wholly, I would trust, out of the range of grace. My Lord, I say again, that, as a conscientious man, and as far as mere human reason—which is at best but short-sighted—enables me to judge, I am truly cheered in spirit by this, I trust, providential change in the agency of your property. My Lord, in my various correspondence, I generally endeavour to make it a rule not to forget my Christian duties, or, so to speak, to cast a single grain of the good seed into the hearts of those to whom I am privileged to write. The calls of religion are, indeed, strong upon us, if we permitted ourselves to listen to them as we ought. Will your

Lordship then pardon me for reminding you, that however humble the instrument, I have before now been the honoured means of setting your godly examples of charity before the world, with the single-hearted purpose and hope, that it might imitate your virtues. There is in the neighbourhood a case at present of great distress, in the person of a widow and her three young children, who have been left destitute by the guilt and consequent deportation of her unhappy husband to Australia, for the crime of feloniously abstracting live mutton. I defended him professionally, or, I should say—although I do not boast of it—with an eye to the relief of his interesting wife, but without success; and what rendered his crime more unpardonable, he had the unparalleled wickedness to say, that he was instigated to it by the ill advice and intemperate habits of this amiable woman. Will your Lordship, then, allow me to put your honoured name in the list of her Christian friends? Allow me, my Lord, to subscribe myself,

"Your Lordship's frail, unworthy,

"but faithful and honoured servant,

"SOLOMON M'SLIME.

"P.S.—With respect to your jocose and ironical postscript, may I again take the liberty of throwing in a word in season. If your Lordship could so far

ıe a proper Christian seriousness of character, render the act of kindness and protection on part such as might confer a competent indepen- ı upon a female of religious dispositions, I doubt should your Lordship's charity continue un- d on your arrival here, that some such desirable tunity might offer, as that of rescuing a comely esolate maiden from distress.

There is, indeed, a man here living on your ship's property, who has a daughter endowed a large portion of that vain gift called beauty. father and family are people of bad principle, ut conscience or honesty, and, withal, utterly ute of religion—not but that they carry them- ; very plausibly to the world. Among such e, my Lord, it is not possible that this engag- lamsel, who is now so youthful and innocent, resist the evil influence of the principles that il in her family. Indeed, her abiding among cannot be for her welfare in any sense.

"I have the honour, &c."

ıtine M'Clutchy, Esq. to Solomon M'Slime.

My dear M'Slime,

"As it is beyond any doubt that in the fair ıarge of our duty you and I can be mutually

serviceable to each other; and as it is eq
dent that it is our interest, and what is n
interest of Lord Cumber, that we should
therefore think it right to observe, that in
actions between us, each should treat the o
the most perfect confidence. For this reas
to assure you, once for all, that in any p
that may appear harsh towards any of his
tenantry, I am and shall be actuated by
feeling, than a strong, conscientious sense o
to him. This is, was, and will be the pr
my whole life. And you know very well,
M'Slime, that if I were less devoted to tl
rests than I am, my popularity would b
among the tenantry. Indeed, few men ha
to know this better than yourself, inasmu
stand in precisely the same beloved relatio
that I do.

" Our excellent friend Hickman, is a ve
man and exceedingly well meaning. I
think so? Oh, I am sure you do. Yet I
how it happened that he left out of his
agency some of the most valuable rights
leges of the *landlord*. These I will ment
when I see you, and when I have more tin
sequently must say, that in attempting

these rights, even while I was deputy-agent, the unjust odium that is falling upon me already, even while I had scarce time to move in them, ought rather to be—that is morally speaking—visited upon him who allowed them to lapse. Now that the fine old leases of the M'Loughlins and the Harmans, and others, have dropped, what can I do but study Lord Cumber's interest, in the first instance? Not but I would serve them if I could, and will if I can. I bear them no ill feeling; and if they have joined in the calumnies and threats that are so unjustly uttered against me, what can I do, and what ought I do, but return good for evil? You, as a truly religious and pious man, will feel delighted to support me in this principle, and also to aid me in bearing it practically out. Any services of a similar kind that I can honestly and conscientiously render you—and none other would you accept—I shall be on my part delighted to offer. In the mean time, let me have your excellent advice as to the most efficient means of stifling the unreasonable murmurs that are rising among the people—and as touching M'Loughlin's and Harman's properties, I should be glad to see you, in order to consult upon what may or can be done for them, always compatibly with Lord Cumber's interests.

"The pair of turkies which I send you are the result of my reviving one of his Lordship's rights. They are *duty-turkies*, and I do not think they will eat the worse for the *blessings* which Darby O'Drive tells me accompanied them; at least I don't find they do.

"All that I have yet written, however, is only preliminary; but now to business. I have received the letter which Lord Cumber transmitted to me, under your frank, in which I am appointed his head agent. He also is willing to accept the two thousand pounds on my own terms—that is, of course, as a loan, at the usual rate of interest. But don't you think, my dear M'Slime, that with respect to this large sum, an understanding might be entered into—or rather an arrangement made, in a quiet way, that would, I flatter myself, turn out of great ultimate advantage to his Lordship. The truth is, that Lord Cumber, like most generous men, is very negligent of his own interests—at least much more so than he ought to be; and it would be most beneficial to him, in every sense, to have a person managing his estates, in the best possible condition to serve him. *His property, in fact, is not represented in the grand jury pannel of the county.* This is a great loss to him—a serious loss. In the first place, it is wretchedly, shamefully de-

ficient in roads—both public and private. In the next place, there are many rents left unpaid, through the inability of the people, which we could get paid by the making of these roads, and other county arrangements, which the ill thinking call jobs. In the third and last place, he has on his property no magistrate friendly to his aforesaid interests, and who would devote himself to them with suitable energy and zeal. Indeed, with regard to the murmurings and heart-burnings alluded to, I fear that such a magistrate will soon become a matter of necessity. There is a bad spirit rising and getting abroad, wherever it came from—and you know, my dear M'Slime, that it could not proceed from either you or me. You know that—you feel it. Now, what I would propose is this—Lord Cumber has sufficient interest with the government, to have me—all unworthy as I am—appointed a magistrate. Let the government but hint it to the chancellor, and the thing is done. In that event, instead of giving him this large sum of money as a loan, let it go as a per contra to my appointment to the bench. And there is another consideration by no means to be overlooked, which is, that by this arrangement, the government would be certain to have in the commission a man who would prove himself one of the

precise class which they stand in need of—that is, a useful man, devoted to their wishes.

"Now, my dear M'Slime, I mention this to you with all the confidence of unshaken friendship. From you these representations will go to his Lordship with a much better grace than they would from me. Tell him in your own peculiar way, that he shall have the two thousand for the magistracy. That is my first object as his friend—this once obtained, I have no doubt of seeing myself, ere long, a member of the grand pannel, and capable of serving him still more extensively.

"Believe me to be, my dear M'Slime, &c.

"VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY."

P.S.—I heard you once express a wish about a certain farm—but mum's the word—only this, I have something in my eye for you."

Solomon M'Slime to the Right Hon. Lord Cumber.

"MY GRACIOUS LORD,

"I, of course, cannot look upon the condition you annex to the appointment of the agent as unreasonable, although my friend M'Clutchy, insists, he says, for the honour of the aristocracy, that it was a mistake on your Lordship's part, and that a loan only was meant. Be this as it may, I

umbly hope a thought has been vouchsafed to me, y which the matter may, under Providence, assume more agreeable character for all parties. Last ight, my Lord, immediately after family worship, found myself much refreshed in mind, but rather ded in my poor sinful body, after the fatigues of e day—for, indeed, I had ridden a good deal since orning. However, I desired Susanna—a pious oung person, who acts as children's maid, and derstands my habits—to procure me a little hot ater and sugar, into which, out of a necessary re-rd for health, which is imposed as a duty on us all, I oured a little brandy, partly for sustainment and rtly to qualify the water. Having swallowed a tle of this I found the two principles combine gether, almost like kindred spirits, and I conse-ently experienced both nourishment and edification om the draught. It was then, my Lord, that it as given me to turn my mind upon the transaction uded to, I mean the condition of paying two ousand pounds for the privilege of managing your operty. Indeed the thing was vouchsafed to me this light;—your property, my Lord, is not resented in the grand panel of the county, which certainly a serious loss to you, as there is no one e to advocate your interests, especially since poor

Mr. Deaker's infirmities (would that they were all only of the body!) have caused him to attend the grand jury less frequently. Many arrangements might be advantageously made, by which your Lordship would indirectly benefit;—that is, the money, so to speak, might be made to go into one pocket, in order that it should be transferred to yours. Then you have not a magistrate on your estates devoted to your special interests, as you ought to have; this is a very necessary thing, my Lord, and to which I humbly endeavour to direct your attention. Again, my Lord, you have no magistrate of true Protestant and Ascendancy principles, who from time to time, might manifest to the government that you did not forget their interests no more than your own. Now, my Lord, what man can be, or is better qualified to serve your Lordship in all these capacities than that staunch and unflinching Protestant, Mr. Val M'Clutchy? In what individual could the commission of the peace more appropriately or worthily rest than in your own agent? I therefore beg your Lordship to turn this in your mind, and if advised by one so humble, I would suggest the trial of a short prayer previous to entering on it. Should you exert your influence for that purpose with the government, the gracious, I trust I may call it so—

pointment—would be immediately made, and I ink I know the grateful disposition of Mr. M'Clut- y sufficiently well to assure your Lordship, that om a thorough Christian sense of your kindness, ıe two thousand pounds will be, on that condition, laced in your Lordship's hands.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"SOLOMON M'SLIME."

P.S. Mr. M'Clutchy is ignorant that a suggestion so well calculated to advance the best interests of general religion, has been graciously intimated to one so unworthy as I am.

Lord Cumber to Solomon M'Slime, Esq.

"It is done—a bargain—I have arranged the business here with the secretary, and I am obliged to you, my sleek little saint, for suggesting it; I wonder M'Clutchy himself did not think of it. I feel glad the old leases have dropped, for I am sure, that between you and him, you will take out of these farms all that *can* be taken. Of course M'Clutchy and you are at liberty to revive any thing you like, provided it be done properly. What is it to me, who never go there? I do believe Hickman was not merely an easy fellow, but a fool; as to *glove-money—sealing-money—duty-fowls*—and *duty-work*—I tell

you again, provided you increase my remittances, an work the cash out of these fellows, you may insi upon as many of them as you can get.

"Yours,

"CUMBER."

P.S.—What, my little saint, did you mean by that charitable blunder, concerning the widow, in your last letter? I never knew before that a woman was a widow merely because her husband was transported, as he ought to be, for sheep stealing, or, because he happened to live, by compulsion, in another country. However, no matter; give her, for me, whatever you think proper, and add it to your bill of costs, as you will do.

"CUMBER."

Solomon M'Slime, Esq., to Lord Cumber:—

MY GRACIOUS LORD,

"As I have never intentionally varied from truth, I could not bear even for a moment to seem to fall into the opposite principle. I was certainly very busy on the day I had the honour and privilege of writing to your Lordship, and much distracted both in mind and heart, by the woeful backsliding of a member of our congregation. On looking over the copy of the letter, however, I perceive one thing that is gratifying to me. My Lord, I made no

e. It is not, perhaps, known to your Lordship
ere are two descriptions of widow—the *real*
vegetable; that is, the widow by death, and
low by local separation from her husband.
the latter is a class that requires as much
nent and comfort as the other—being as they
re numerous, and suffering all the privations
whood, poor things, except its reality. The
ion, my Lord, is figurative, and taken from
icultural occupation of ploughing; for when-
e animal is unyoked for any other purpose,
travelling a journey or the like, the other is
h turned into some park or grassy paddock,
deed generally enjoys more comfortable
han if still with the yoke-fellow; for which
the return of the latter is seldom very
ly desired by the other. I am happy to tell
y Lord, that some very refreshing revivals in
igious world have recently occurred here,
I trust will cause true religion to spread and
ured in the land; but on the other hand, I
t satan is at work among many evil design-
sons on your Lordship's inheritance in this
ghbourhood. Of this, however, that good and
tious man Mr. M'Clutchy, will, I doubt not,
u all proper information and advice.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, with found humility,

"Your Lordship's unworthy Servant,

"SOLOMON M'SLIME

Valentine M'Clutchy, Esq., J. P., to I Cumber:—

"MY LORD,

"In point of fact, nothing could be n beneficial to your property, than my very season appointment to the commission of the peace. It extended my powers of working for your advant and armed me with authority that will be f very necessary in repressing outrages and di bances when they occur; and I regret to say, they are likely to occur much too frequently should be sorry to doubt Mr. Hickman's can but in spite of all my charity, I can scarcely a thinking that he did not treat your lordship that openness of purpose and confidence to w every landlord is entitled. Of course, I say this great pain, and rather between ourselves, as it w for heaven forbid, that a single syllable should es either my tongue or pen that might injure gentleman's character. The path of duty, how is often a stern one, as I find it to be on the pr

occasion. The truth, then, is, that I fear Mr. Hickman must have kept the disturbed state of your tenantry from your lordship's knowledge, owing probably to a reluctance in exposing his own laxity of management. Indeed, I wish I could with a conscientious sense of my duty to your Lordship end here, so far as he is concerned. But under every circumstance, truth, and honesty, and candour, will in the long run tell for themselves. It is an unquestionable fact, then, that from whatever cause it may proceed, your tenantry and he, ever since my appointment, have had much intercourse of—not exactly a public—nor can I decidedly term it—a private nature; and it is equally true, that in proportion as this intercourse became extended and enlarged, so did the dissatisfaction of the people increase, until they are now almost ripe for outrage. I have observed, I think, that poor Hickman never was remarkable for strength of mind, though not destitute of a certain kind of sagacity; and whether his tampering—if it be tampering—with these people, —be the result of a foolish principle of envy, or whether on the other hand, there is any thing political in it, I really cannot say. All I can do is to state the facts, and leave the inference to your Lordship's superior penetration.

If, however, it be the fact, that Hickman could stoop to foment this unhappy feeling on your property, still, my Lord, he is not alone in it. Indeed it is possible that the intercourse between him and them may after all be innocent, however, suspicious it looks. I trust and hope it is so—for there are two other families in the neighbourhood who, to my certain knowledge, have by diffusing wicked and disloyal principles among the tenantry, done incalculable injury. I had indeed, some notion of communicating with government on the subject, but I have not as yet been able to get any information sufficiently tangible to work on. In the mean time, I think the wisest and most prudent steps I could take for your Lordship's advantage, would be to get them as quietly as possible off the estate. I think, from a twofold sense of duty, I shall be forced to do so. Their leases very fortunately have dropped in the first place, and it will not be your interest to renew them on political grounds; for they have lately expressed a determination to vote against your brother—and in the next, we can get much larger fines from other sources. Besides his large farm, one of these men, M'Loughlin, holds a smaller one of eighteen acres, of which there are fifteen years yet unexpired; but on consulting with Mr. M'Slime, and examining the lease, he is of

opinion that it contains a flaw, and can be broken. I am sure, my Lord, for your sake, I shall be glad of it.

I cannot conclude without feeling grateful to heaven for having given me such a son as I am blessed with. He is indeed, quite invaluable to me in managing these refractory people, and were it not for his aid and vigour, I could not have been able to send your Lordship the last remittance. He is truly zealous in your cause, but I regret to say, that I am not likely to be able to avail myself long of his services. He is about taking a large farm in a different part of the country with a view to marriage, a circumstance which just now occasions me much anxiety of mind, as he will be a serious loss to both your Lordship and me. I am also looking out for an under agent, but cannot find one to my satisfaction. Will your Lordship be kind enough to acknowledge the remittance of last week?

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"VAL M'C."

Lord Cumber to Val M'C., Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"The check came safely to hand, and seasonably, and the oftener I receive such communications the better The best part of it, however, is gone to the devil already, for I lost six hundred on

Alley Croker at the last Ascot meeting; I write in a hurry, but have time to desire you to keep your son, if possible, on the property. By the way, as the under agency is vacant, I request you will let him have it—and, if he wants a farm to marry on, try and find him one somewhere on the estate: who has a better right? and, I dare say, he will make as good a tenant as another. As to Hickman, I think you are quite mistaken, the truth being, that he resigned, but was not dismissed the agency, and if he has not a wish to get himself replaced—which I do not think—I don't see what the deuce he should begin to plot about. I rather think the cause of complaint amongst the people is, that they find some difference between his laxity and your rigour; if so, you must only let them growl away, and whenever they resort to violence, of course punish them.

"Very truly yours,

"CUMBER."

P.S.—By all means get those mischievous fellows—I forget their names—off the property, as I shall have no tenant under me who will create disturbance or sow dissention among the people. I thank you for the fine hamper of fowl, and have only to say, as above, that the oftener, &c., &c.

"CUMBER."

CHAPTER VII.

ECTIONS ON ABSENTEEISM—VIRTUES OF A LOYAL GISTRATE—A SMALL DOSE OF FLATTERY—A BRACE BLESSINGS—DARBY HAS NOTIONS OF BECOMING A NVERT—HINTS TO A TRUSTY BAILIFF, WITH A BIT MYSTERY—DRUM DHU, AND THE COMFORTS OF RISTMAS EVE—AN EXTERMINATION.

of the greatest curses attending absenteeism is facility with which a dishonest and oppressive t can maintain a system of misrepresentation falsehood, either to screen his own delinquency, destroy the reputation of those whom he hates ars. An absentee landlord has no guarantee nd the honour and integrity of the man to whom ntrusts the management of his property, and equently he ought to know that his very lence abroad presents strong temptations to ons, who, in too many instances, are not posd of any principle strong enough to compete their rapacity or cruelty. Valentine M'Clutwas one of those fellows in whom the heart was rally so hard and selfish, that he loved both th and the infliction of oppression, simply on unt of the pleasure which they afforded him.

To such a man, and they formed too numerous a class, the estate of an absentee landlord presented an appropriate, and generally a safe field for action. The great principle of his life was, in every transaction that occurred, to make the interest of the landlord on one hand, and of the tenant on the other, subservient to his own. This was their rule, and the cunning and adroitness necessary to carry it into practical effect, were sometimes scarcely deemed worth concealment, so strong was their sense of impunity, and their disregard of what seldom took place — retribution. Indeed, the absence of the landlord gave them necessarily, as matters were managed, an unlimited power over the people and gratified that malignant vigilance which ever attends upon suspicion and conscious guilt. Many of the tenants, for instance, when driven to the uttermost depths of distress and misery, have been desperate enough to appeal to the head landlords, and almost in every case the agent himself was enabled to show them their own letters, which the absentee had in the mean time transmitted to the identical party whose tyranny had occasioned them.

The appointment of Phil to the under agency was felt even more strongly than the removal of Mr. Hickman, or Val's succession to that gentleman

r there was about honest Val something which the ›ople could not absolutely despise. His talents r business, however, prostituted as they were to ıch infamous purposes, only rendered him a greater ›urge to the unhappy tenantry over whom he was laced. As for Phil, he experienced at their hands hat combined feeling of hatred and contempt with rhich we look upon a man who has every disposition o villany but the ability to accomplish its purposes ı a masterly manner.

Val's promotion to the Bench did not occasion so ıuch surprise as might be supposed. It is well ıown, that every such scoundrel, however he may ısregard the opinions of the people whom he de-pises, leaves nothing undone that either mean-ess or ingenuity can accomplish to sustain a plausi-le character with the gentry of the neighbourhood. ı the times of which we write, the great passport › popularity among one party was the expression f strong political opinions. For this reason, Val, rho was too cunning to neglect any subordinate aid › his success in life, had created for himself a cer-ain description of character, which in a great degree ›casioned much of his dishonesty and oppression to be rerlooked or forgiven. Like his father, old Deaker, › was a furious Orangeman, of the true, loyal, and

Ascendancy class—drank the glorious, pious, and immortal memory every day after dinner—was, in fact master of an Orange Lodge, and altogether a man of that thorough, staunch, Protestant principle, which was then, as it has been since, prostituted to the worst purposes. For this reason, he was looked upon by those of his own class not so much as a heartless and unscrupulous knave, as a good sound Protestant, whose religion and loyalty were of the right kidney. In accordance with these principles, he lost no time in assuming the character of an active useful man, who considered it the most important part of his duty to extend his political opinions by every means in his power, and to discountenance, in all shapes and under all circumstances, such as were opposed to them. For this purpose, there was only one object left untried and unaccomplished; but time and his undoubted loyalty soon enabled him to achieve it. Not long after his appointment to the agency, he began to experience some of these uneasy sensations which a consciousness of not having deserved well at the hands of the people will occasion. The man, as we have said, was a coward at heart; but, like many others of the same class, he contrived on most occasions, to conceal it. He now considered, that it would, at all events, be a safe and prudent

t on his part to raise a corps of yeomanry, secur-
g a commission in it for himself and Phil. In this
se he deemed it necessary to be able to lay before
overnment such satisfactory proofs, as would ensure
he accomplishment of his object, and at the same
ime establish his own loyalty and devotion to the
igher powers. No man possessed the art of com-
ining several motives under the simple guise of one
ct, with greater skill than M'Clutchy. For in-
tance, he had an opportunity of removing from the
state as many as possible of those whom he could
ot reckon on for political support. Thus would he,
n the least suspicious manner, and in the very act
f loyalty, occasion that quantity of disturbance
ust necessary to corroborate his representations to
overnment—free the property from disaffected
ersons, whose consciences were proof against both
is threats and promises—and prove to the world
hat Valentine M'Clutchy was the man to suppress
isturbance, punish offenders, maintain peace, and,
n short, exhibit precisely that loyal and truly Pro-
estant spirit which the times required, and which,
1 the end, generally contrived to bring its own re-
ard along with it.

One evening about this period, our worthy agent
as sitting in his back parlour, enjoying with Phil

the comforts of a warm tumbler of punch, wher old knock already described was heard at the door.

"How the devil does that rascal contrive to such a knock?" said Phil—"upon my honour reputation, father, I could know it out of a t sand."

"It's very difficult to say," replied the ot "but I agree with you in its character—and y am convinced that Master Darby by no mean tertains the terror of me which he affects. How be this as it may, he is invaluable for his at ment to our interests, and the trust which we ca pose in him. I intend to make him a sergea our new corps—and talking of that, Phil, you not aware that I received this morning a letter Lord Cumber, in which he thanks me for the and says he will do everything in his power tc ward the business. I have proposed that he be colonel, and that the corps be named, the C Cumber Yeomanry. I shall myself be captain pay-master, and you shall have a slice of some off it, Phil, my boy."

"I have no objection in life," replied Phil, ' let the slice be a good one; only I am rather kerly as to actual fighting, which may God o infinite mercy prevent!"

"There will be no fighting, my hero," replied the father, laughing; "if there were, Phil, I would myself rise above all claims for military glory; but here there will be nothing but a healthy chase across the country after an occasional rebel or whiteboy, or perhaps the seizing of a still, and the capture of many a keg of neat poteen, Phil—eh? what do you say to that, my boy?"

"I have no objection to that," said Phil, "provided every thing is done in an open, manly manner—in broad day-light. These scoundrel whiteboys have such devilish good practice at hedge-firing, that I have already made up my mind to decline all warfare that won't be sanctioned by the sun. I believe in my soul they see better without light than with it, so that the darkness, which would be a protection to them, could be none to me."

At this moment, a tap—such as a thief would give when ascertaining if the master of the house were asleep, in order that he might rob him—came to the door, and, upon being desired to "come in and be d——d," Darby entered.

"You're an hour late, you scoundrel," said Val; what have you to say for yourself?"

"Yes," added Phil, who was a perfect Achilles to every bailiff and driver on the estate—"what have

you to say for yourself? If I served you righ upon my honour and reputation, I would kick yo out. I would, you scoundrel, and I ought."

"I know you ought, squire, for I desarve it; but any how, sure it was the floods that sent me round The stick was covered above three feet, and I had to go round by the bridge. Throth his honour there ought to make the Grand Jury put a bridge acrass it, and I wish to goodness, Square Phil, you would spake to him to get them to do it next summer."

When Solomon said, that all was vanity and vexa tion of spirit, we hope he did not mean that the two terms were at all synonymous; because, if he did, we unquestionably stand prepared to contest his know ledge of human nature, despite both his wisdom and experience. Darby's reply was not a long one, bu its effect was powerful. The very notion that Va M'Clutchy could, should, might, or ought to hav such influence over the Grand Jury of the count was irresistible with the father; and that he shoul live to be actually called squire, nay, to hear the wor with his own ears, was equally so with the son.

Vanity! What sensation can the hearts of tho sands—millions—feel, that ought for a moment compared, in an ecstatic sense of enjoyment, wi those which arise from gratified vanity?

"Come, you sneaking scoundrel, and take a glass of spirits—the night's severe," said Val.

"Yes, you sneaking scoundrel, take a glass of spirits, and we'll see what can be done about the bridge before next winter," added Phil.

"All I can say is, gintlemen," said Darby, that if you *both* take it up, it *will* be done. In the mane time, here's both your healths, your honours; an' may you both be spared on the property, as a pair of blessins to the estate!" Then, running over to Phil, he whispered in a playhouse voice—"Square Phil, I daren't let his honour hear me now, but—here's black confusion to Hickman, the desaver!"

"What is he saying, Phil? What is the cursed sneaking scoundrel saying?"

"Why, your honour," interposed Darby, "I was axin' permission jist to add a thrifle to what I'm goin' to drink."

"What do you mean?" said Val.

"Just, your honour, to drink the glorious, pious, and *immoral* mimory! hip, hip, hurra!"

"And how can *you* drink it, you rascal, and you papist?" asked Phil, still highly delighted with Darby's loyalty. "What would your priests say if they knew of it?"

"Why," said Darby, quite unconscious of the

testimony he was bearing to his own duplicity, " they can forgive me that, along with my other But, any how, I have a great notion to lave t and their ralligion altogether."

" How is that, you scoundrel?" asked Val.

" Yes, you scoundrel; how is that?" added I

" Why, troth," replied Darby, " I can't well acc for it myself, barrin' it comes from an enlight conscience. Mr. M'Slime gave me a tract, s time ago, called Spiritual Food for Babes of G and I thought in my own conscience, afther re it carefully over, that it applied very much to condition."

" Ah!" said Phil, " what a babe you are! bu matter; I'm glad you have notions of becomi good sound Protestant; take my word there's thing like it. A man that's a good sound Pr tant is always a loyal fellow, and when he's dr drinks—to hell with the Pope."

" Phil, don't be a fool," said his father, wh herited many, if not all of old Deaker's opi " If you are about to become a Protestant, D that's a very different thing from changing religion—inasmuch as you must have one to ch first. However, as you say, M'Slime's your and be guided by him."

"So I intend, Sir; and he has been spakin' to me about comin' forrid publickly, in regard of an intention he has of writin' a new tract consarning me, to be called the Converted Bailiff, or a Companion to the Religious Attorney; and he says, Sir, that he'll get us bound up together."

"Does he?" said Val, dryly; "strung up, I suppose he means."

"Troth your honour's right," replied Darby; "but my own mimory isn't what it used to be—it was strung up he said, sure enough, Sir."

"Very well," said Val; "but now to business. Phil, my boy, you move off for a little—Darby and I have a small matter to talk over, that nobody must hear but ourselves."

"All right," replied Phil; "so take care of yourselves;" and accordingly he left the room.

Now the truth was, that M'Clutchy, who perfectly understood the half-witted character of his son—for be it known that worthy Phil was considered, by those who had the honour of his acquaintance, as any thing but an oracle—did not feel himself justified in admitting the said Phil to full confidence in all his plans and speculations.

"You see now," said he, addressing Darby ernly—"you see the opinion which I entertain of

your honesty, when I trust you more than I do son."

"Troth I do, your honour—and by the sam ken did I ever betray you?"

"Betray, you scoundrel! what had you to tray?" said Val indignantly, "whatever I do i the benefit of the country in general, and for l Cumber's property in particular: you know th

"Know it! does'nt the whole world kno Sir?"

"Well then"—said Val, softening—"no business. In the first place, observe my wor listen."

Darby said nothing, but looked at him in the tude of deep and breathless attention.

"Whenever you happen to execute a warra distress—that is, when removing furniture or other property off the premises, keep a sharp out for any papers or parchments that may ha to come in your way. It will do no harm if should slip them quietly into your pocket and l them to me. I say quietly, because there is a abroad among the people that we must watch; if they once suspected that we were on the lool for it, they might baffle us; these papers, you k can be returned."

"I see, your honour," said Darby—"there you are right, as, indeed, you always are."

"Very well then. Is the night dark and stormy?"

"So dark, Sir, that a blind man could see it."

Val then approached the bailiff, looked cautiously about the room—opened the door, and peeped into the hall; after which he returned, and placing about half-a-dozen written papers in his hand, whispered something to him with great earnestness and deliberation. Darby heard him with profound attention, nodded his head significantly as he spoke, and placed the point of his right hand fore-finger on the papers, as if he said, "I see—I understand—I am to do so and so with *these;* it's all clear—all right, and it shall be done before I sleep."

The conversation then fell into its original channel, and Phil was summoned, in order to receive his instructions touching a ceremony which was to take place on the following day but one; which ceremony simply consisted in turning out upon the wide world, without house, or home, or shelter, about twenty-three families, containing among them the young, the aged, the sick, and the dying—but this is a scene to which we must beg the reader's more particular attention.

There stood, facing the west, about two miles from

Constitution Cottage, an irregular string of (with here and there something that might ap the comfortable air of a middle sized farm The soil on which they stood was an elevated studded with rocks and small cultivated p which the hard hand of labour had, with tc difficulty, won from what might otherwise be a cold, bleak, desert. The rocks in several in were overgrown with underwood and shr different descriptions, which were browsed u meagre and hungry looking goats, the only d tion of cattle that the poverty of these poor allowed them to keep, with the exception of three families, who were able to indulge luxury of a cow. In winter it had an air of shi desolation that was enough to chill the very even to think of, but in summer, the greenness shrubs, some of which were aromatic and fra relieved the dark depressing spirit which see brood upon it. This little colony, notwithst the wretchedness of its appearance, was not ever, shut out from a share of human hap The manners of its inhabitants were primev simple, and if their enjoyments were few and l so also were their desires. God gave the summer breeze to purify their blood, the

heaven to irradiate the bleakness of their mountains, the morning and the evening dressed in all their beauty, the music of their mountain streams, and that of the feathered songsters, to enliven their souls with its melody. The voices of spring, of summer, of autumn, were cheerful in their ears as the voices of friends, and even winter, with all his wildness and desolation, was not without a grim complacence which they loved. They were a poor, harmless, little community, so very humble and inoffensive, as to be absolutely beneath the reach of human resentment or injustice. Alas! they were not so.

The cause of the oppression which was now about to place them in its iron grasp, was as simple as it was iniquitous. They refused to vote for Lord Cumber's brother, and were independent enough to respect the rights of conscience, in defiance of M'Clutchy's denunciations. They had voted for the gentleman who gave them employment, and who happened besides, to entertain opinions which they approved. M'Clutchy's object was to remove them from the property, in order that he might replace them with a more obedient and less conscientious class; for this was his principle of action under such circumstances.

It so happened that there lived among them a man

named O'Regan, who, in point of comfort, was at the head of this little community. He was a quiet and an affectionate individual, industrious, sober, and every way well conducted. This inoffensive and virtuous man, and his faithful wife, had been for some time before the period we are describing, under the shadow of deep affliction. Their second child, and his little brother, together with the eldest, who for two or three years before had been at service in England, were all that had been spared to them — the rest having died young. This second boy was named Torley, and him they loved with an excess of tenderness and affection that could scarcely be blamed. The boy was handsome and manly, full of feeling, and possessed of great resolution and courage ; all this, however, was ultimately of no avail in adding to the span of the poor youth's life. One day in the beginning of autumn, he overloaded himself with a log of fir which he had found in the moors ; having laid it down to rest, he broke a blood vessel in attempting to raise it to his shoulder the second time : he staggered home, related the accident as it had occurred, and laid himself down gently upon his bed. Decline then set in, and the handsome and

gh spirited Torley O'Regan, lay patiently await-
g his dissolution, his languid eye dim with the
adow of its approach. From the moment it was
certained that his death, early and unexpected,
as known to be certain, the grief of his parents
anscended the bounds of ordinary sorrow. It was
deed, a distressing thing to witness their sufferings,
id to feel, in the innermost chambers of your heart,
e awful wail of their desolation and despair.

Winter had now arrived in all its severity, and the
ry day selected for the removal of these poor
ople was that which fills, or was designed to fill,
ery Christian heart with hope, charity, affection
r our kind, and the innocent enjoyment of that
stive spirit which gives to the season a charm that
rows the memory back upon the sweetest recollec-
ns of life—I mean Christmas eve. The morning,
wever, was ushered in by storm. There had been
ove a fortnight's snow, accompanied by hard frost,
d to this was added now the force of a piercing
nd, and a tremendous down pouring of hard dry
ift, against which it is at any time almost impos-
le even to walk, unless when supported by health,
uth, and uncommon strength.

In O'Regan's house there was, indeed, the terrible
ion of a most bitter and two-fold misery. The

boy was literally dying, and to this was added t consciousness that M'Clutchy would work his w in spite of storm, tempest, and sickness, nay, ev death itself. A few of the inhabitants of this w mountain village, which, by the way, was nam Drum Dhu, from its black and desolate look, l too much the fear of M'Clutchy before their ey to await his measures, and accordingly sought some other shelter. It was said, however, generally supposed, by several of the neighbou gentry, that even M'Clutchy himself would scar dare to take such a step, in defiance of comi humanity, public opinion, and the laws both of and—we were about to add—man, but the w cannot be written. Every step he took was stri and perfectly legal, and the consequence was, he had that strong argument, "*I am supporte the laws of the land,*" to enable him to trample u all the principles of humanity and justice—to gra political rancour, personal hatred, to oppress, secute, and ruin.

Removal, however, in Torley O'Regan's would have been instant death. Motion or effo any kind were strictly forbidden, as was conversa except in the calmest and lowest tones, and e thing at all approaching to excitement. Still

terror lest this inhuman agent might carry his resolution into effect on such a day, and under such circumstances, gave to their pitiable sense of his loss a dark and deadly hue of misery, at which the heart actually sickens. From the hour of nine o'clock on that ominous morning, the inhabitants of Drum Dhu were passing, despite the storm, from cabin to cabin, discussing the probable events of the day, and asking each other if it could be possible that M'Clutchy would turn them out under such a tempest. Nor was this all. The scene indeed was one which ought never to be witnessed in any country. Misery in all its shapes was there—suffering in its severest pangs—sickness—disease—famine—and death—to all which was to be added bleak, houseless, homeless, roofless desolation. Had the season been summer they might have slept in the fields, made themselves temporary sheds, or carried their sick, and aged, and helpless, to distant places, where humanity might aid and relieve them. But no—here were the elememts of God, as it were, called in by the malignity and wickedness of man to war against old age, infancy, and disease.

For a day or two preceding this, poor Torley thought he felt a little better, that is to say, his usual symptoms of suffering were mitigated, as is

sometimes the case where human weakness literally sinks below the reach of pain itself. Ten o'clock had arrived and he had not yet awoke, having only fallen asleep a little before day break. His father went to his bed-side, and looking down saw that he was still asleep, with a peaceful smile irradiating his features, as it were with a sense of inward happiness and tranquillity. He beckoned to his mother who approached the bed, and contemplated him with that tearless agony which sears the heart and brain, until the feeling would be gladly exchanged for madness. The conversation which followed was in Irish, a circumstance that accounts for its figurative style and tenderness of expression.

"What is that smile," said the father.

"It's the peace of God," said the mother, "shining from an innocent and happy heart. Oh! Torley, my son, my son!"

"Yes," replied the father, "he is going to meet happy hearts, but he will leave none in this house behind him—even little Brian that he loved so well—but where was there a heart so loving as his?" This, we need scarcely observe, was all said in whispers.

"Ah!" said his mother, "you may well ask—but don't you remember this day week, when we were talking of M'Clutchy"—'I hope,' says he,

that if he should come, *I'll* be where no agent can urn me out—that is, in heaven—for I wouldn't vish to live to see you both and little Brian put from he place that we all loved so well'—and then he viped away the tears from his pale cheeks.—"Oh! Torley, my son—my son—are you laving us!—aving us for ever?"

The father sat down quietly on a chair, and put is hand upon his forehead, as if to keep the upper part of his head from flying off—for such he said, were the sensations he felt. He then wrung his hands until the joints cracked, and gave one short convulsive sob, which no effort of his could repress. The boy soon afterwards opened his eyes, and fixed them with the same peaceful and affectionate smile upon his parents.

"Torley," said his mother, kissing him, "how do you feel, our flower?"

"Aisier," said he, "but I think weaker—I had a dream," he continued; "I thought I was looking in through a great gate at the most beautiful place that ever was—and I said to myself, what country can that be, that's so full of light, and music, and green trees, and beautiful rivers?' 'That is heaven,' said a sweet voice beside me, but I could see no one. I looked again, and then I thought I saw my three little

brothers standin' inside the gate smilin'—and I said, 'aren't you my brothers that died when you were young?' 'Yes,' said they, 'and we are come to welcome you here.' I then was goin' to go in, when I thought I saw my father and little Brian runnin' hand in hand towards the gate, and as I was goin' in, I thought they called after me—'wait, Torley dear, for we will follow you soon.'"

"And I hope we all will, our blessed treasure; for when you lave us, son of our hearts, what temptation will we have to stay afther you? Your voice, achora, will be in our ears, and your sweet looks in our eyes—but that is all that will be left of you—and your father and I will never have a day's happiness more. Oh, never—never!"

"You both know I wouldn't lave you if I could help it, but it's the will of God that I should go; then when I'll be so happy, won't it take the edge off your grief. Bring Brian here. He and I were all that was left you, since Ned went to England—and now you will have only him. I needn't bid you to love him, for I know that you loved both of us, may be more than you ought, or more than I desarved; but not surely more than Brian does. Brian, my darling, come and kiss your own Torley that kept you sleeping every night in

bosom, and never was properly happy without
ou—kiss me when I can feel you, for I know that
fore long, you will kiss me when I can't kiss you—
rian, my darling life, how loth I am to lave you,
id to lave you all, father—to lave you all, mother."
As he spoke, and paused from time to time, the
mult of the storm without, and the fury with which
swept against the roof, door, and windows of the
ouse, made a terrible diapason to the sweet and
fecting tone of feeling which pervaded the remarks
the dying boy. His father, however, who felt an
repressible dread of what was expected to take
lace, started at the close of the last words, and with
heart divided between the two terrors, stood in
at stupefaction which is only the resting place of
isery, where it takes breath and strengthens itself
r its greatest trials. He stood with one hand as
efore, pressed upon his forehead, and pointed
ith the other to the door. The wife, too, paused,
r she could not doubt for a moment, that she heard
unds mingling with those of the storm which
elonged not to it. *It was Christmas eve!*

"Stop, Mary," said he, the very current of his
eart stilled—its beating pulses frozen, as it were,
y the terrible apprehension—"stop, Mary; you
n open the door, but in such a morning as this you

couldn't shut it, and the wind and drift would *come* in and fill the house, and be the death of our *boy*. No, I must open the door myself, and it will require all my strength to shut it."

"I hear it all now," said Torley, "the cries and the shouting, the screechings and the——well, you need not be afeared; put poor Brian in with me, for I know there is no Irishman but will respect a death-bed, be it landlord, or agent—ay, or bailey. Oh, no, father, the hand of God is upon us, and if they respect nothing else, they will surely respect *that*. They won't move me, mother, when they see me; for that would kill me—that would be to murder a dying man."

The father made no reply, but rushed towards the door, which he opened and closed after him with more ease than he had expected. The storm, in fact, was subsiding; the small, hard drift had ceased, and it was evident from the appearance of the sky that there was likely to be a change for the better.

It would, indeed, appear, as if the Divine Being actually restrained and checked the elements, on witnessing the cruel, heartless, and oppressive purposes of man. But, what a scene presented itself to O'Regan, on going forth to witness the proceedings which were then about to take place on this woeful *day*!

ering the northern end of this wild collection
lings was seen a posse of bailiffs, drivers, con-
, keepers, and all that hard-hearted class of
s that constitute the staff of a land agent upon
ns similar to this. Immediately behind these
d a body of Orange yeomanry, dressed in regi-
s, and with fire-arms—each man carrying thirty
of ball cartridge. We say Orange yeomen
lly, because at the period we speak of Roman
ics were not admitted into the yeomanry, un-
erhaps, one in a corps; and even out of ten
perhaps, you might not find the ten excep-
When we add to this the fact, that every Pro-
young man was then an Orangeman, and
strong, relentless feeling of religious and
l hatred subsisted between them and the
c party, we think that there are few,
mong our strongest Conservatives, if any,
ould attempt to defend the inhuman policy
wing one party of Irishmen, stimulated by
st passions, to be let loose thus armed upon
less men, whom, besides, they looked upon
ated as enemies.

men in question, who were known by the
uet of Deaker's Dashers, were, in point of
ie terror of every one in the country who was

not an Orangeman, no matter what his creed or conduct might be. They were to a man guided by the true Tory principle, not only of supporting Protestantism, but of putting down Popery; and yet, with singular inconsistency, they were seldom or never seen within a church door, all their religion consisting in giving violent and offensive toasts, and their loyalty in playing party tunes, singing Orange songs, meeting in Orange lodges, and executing the will of some such oppressor as M'Clutchy, who was by no means an exaggerated specimen of the Orange Tory.

Deaker's Dashers were commanded on this occasion by a little squat figure, all belly, with a short pair of legs at one end, and a little red, fiery face, that looked as if it would explode—at the other. The figure was mounted on horseback, and as it and its party gallantly entered this city of cabins, it clapped its hand on its side, to impress the enemy, no doubt, with a due sense of its military character and prowess. Behind the whole procession, at a little distance, rode M'Clutchy and M'Slime, graceful Phil having declined the honour of the expedition altogether, principally, he said, in consequence of the shortness of the days, and the consequent very sudden approach of night. We cannot omit to state, that Darby O'Drive was full of consequence and import-

ance, and led on his followers, with a roll of paper containing a list of all those who were to be expelled, rolled up in his hand, somewhat like a baton of office. Opposed to this display stood a crowd of poor shivering wretches, with all the marks of poverty and struggle, and, in many cases, of famine and extreme destitution, about them and upon them. Women with their half starved children in their arms, many of them without shoes or stockings—labouring care-worn men, their heads bound up in cotton handkerchiefs, as intimating illness or recovery from illness—old men bent over their staves, some with long white hair, streaming to the breeze, and all with haggard looks of terror, produced by the well known presence among them of Deaker's bashers.

And this was Christmas eve—a time of joy and festivity!

Other features were also presented, which gave to this miserable scene a still more depressing character. The voice of lamentation was loud, especially from the females, both young and old—all of whom, with some exceptions, were in tears. Many were rending their hair, others clapping their hands in distraction—some were kneeling to heaven to implore its protection, and not a few to call down

its vengeance upon their oppressors. From many of the men, especially the young and healthy, came stifled curses, and smothered determinations of deep and fearful vengeance. Brows darkened, eyes gleamed, and teeth were ground with a spirit that could neither be mistaken nor scarcely condemned. M'Clutchy was then sowing the wind; but whether at a future day to reap the whirlwind, we are not now prepared to state.

At length it was deemed time that the ceremony should commence; and M'Clutchy, armed also with a case of pistols rode up to Darby:—

"O'Drive, you scoundrel," he shouted—for he saw his enemy, and got courageous, especially since he had a body of his father's Dashers at his back—"O'Drive, you scoundrel, do you mean to keep us here all day? Why don't you commence? Whose is the first name on your list? The ejectment must proceed," he added, addressing the poor people as much as Darby—"it must proceed. Every thing we do is by Lord Cumber's orders, and strictly according to the law of the land. Every attempt at refusing to give up peaceable possession, makes you liable to be punished; and punished, by h—n, you shall be."

"Do not swear, my dear friend," interposed

M'Slime; "swear not at all; but let thy yea be yea, and thy nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. My good friends," he added, addressing himself to the people, "I could not feel justified in losing this opportunity to throw in a word in season for your sakes. I need scarcely tell you that Mr. M'Clutchy, whose character for benevolence and humanity is perfectly well known—and I would allude to his strong sense of religion, and its practical influence on his conduct, were I not afraid of giving rise to a feeling of spiritual pride in the heart of any fellow-creature, however humble;—I need not tell you, I say, that he and I are here as your true friends. I, a frail and unworthy sinner, avow myself as your friend; at least it is the most anxious and sincere wish of my heart to do good to you; for, I trust I can honestly say, that I love my Catholic—I mean my Roman Catholic friends, and desire to meet them in the bonds of Christ. Yes, we are your friends. You know it is true that God loveth whom he chasteneth, and that it is always good to pass through the furnace of tribulation. What are we, then, but the instruments of His chastisement of you, and of bringing you through that furnace for your own good and for His honour! Be truly grateful, then, for this instance of His interposition in your

favour. It is only a blessing in disguise, my friends —*strongly* disguised, I grant you—but still a blessing. And now, my friends, to prove my own sincerity—my affectionate, and, I trust, Christian interest in your welfare, I say unto you, that if such among you as lack bread will come to me, when this dispensation in your favour is concluded, I shall give them that which will truly nourish them."

M'Clutchy could not stand this, but went down to the little squab Dasher, who joined him in a loud fit of laughter at M'Slime's little word in season so that the poor dismayed people had the bitter reflection to add to their other convictions, that their misery, their cares, and their sorrows, were made mockery of by those who were actually inflicting them.

When Darby, on whose face there was a heartless smirk of satisfaction at this opportunity of gratifying M'Clutchy, was about to enter the first cabin there arose from the trembling creatures a loud murmur of wild and unregulated lamentation, which actually startled the bailiffs, who looked as if they were about to be assaulted. An old man then approached M'Clutchy, bent with age and infirmity and whose white hair hung far down his shoulders—

"Sir," said he, taking off his hat, and standing

before him uncovered, severe and still bitter as was the day—"I stand here in the name of these poor creatures you see about us, to beg you, for the sake of God—of Christ who redeemed us—and of the Holy Spirit that gives kindness and charity to the heart—not on this blake hill, undher sich a sky, and on sich a day, to turn us out of the only shelter we have on earth! There's people here that will die if they're brought outside the door. We did not, at laist the most part of all you see before you, think you had any thought of houldin' good your threat in such a time of cowld, and storm, and disolation. Look at us, Sir, then, and have pity on us! Make it your own case, if you can, and maybe that will bring our distitution nearer you—and besides, Sir, there's a great number of us that thought betther about votin' with you, and surely you won't think of puttin' *them* out."

"It's too late now," said M'Clutchy; "if you had promised me your votes in time, it was not my intention to have disturbed you—at present I am acting altogether by Lord Cumber's orders, who desires that every one refusing to vote for him shall be made an example of, and removed from the property—O'Drive, you scoundrel, do your duty."

At this moment there rushed forth from the again

agitated crowd an old woman, whose grizzled locks had escaped from under her dowd cap, and were blown in confusion about her head ; she wore a drugget gown that had once been yellow, and a deep blue petticoat of the same stuff; a circumstance, which, joined to the excitement, gave to her appearance a good deal of picturesque effect.

" Low born tyrant," she shouted, kneeling rapidly down and holding up her clasped hands, but not in supplication—"low born tyrant," she shouted, "stop; —spawn of blasphemin' Deaker, stop—bastard of the notorious Kate Clank, hould your hand! You see we know you and yours well. You were a bad son to a bad mother, and the curse of God will pursue you and yours, for that and your other villanies. Go back and hould your hand, I say— and don't dare to bring the vengeance of God upon you, for the plot of hell you are about to work out this day. I know that plot. Be warned. Look about you here, and think of what you're going to do. Have you no feeling for ould and helpless age—for the weakness of women, the innocence of children? Are you not afraid on such a day to come near the bed of sickness, or the bed of death, with such an intention? Here's widows and orphans, the sick and the dyin', ould age half dead, and infancy half

starved; and is it upon these, that you and blasphemin' Deaker's bloody Dashers are goin' to work your will! Hould your hand, I say, or if you don't, although I needn't curse you myself, for I am too wicked for that—yet in the name of all these harmless and helpless creatures before you, I call their curses on your head! In the name of all the care, and pain, and sorrow, and starvation, and affliction, that's now before your eyes, be you cursed in soul and body—in all you touch—in all you love—cursed here, and cursed hereafter for ever, if you proceed in your wicked intention this woful day!"

"Who is that mad-woman?" said M'Clutchy. "Let her be removed. All I can say is, that she has taken a very unsuccessful method of staying the proceedings."

"Who am I?" said she; "I will tell you that. Look at this," she replied, "exposing her bosom; these are the breasts that suckled you—between them did you often lie, you ungrateful viper! Yes, you may stare—It's many a long year since the name of Kate Clank reached your ears, and now that you have heard it, it is not to bless you. Well you remember when you heard it last—on the day you hunted your dogs at me, and threatened to have me horse-whipped—ay, to horse-whip me with

your own hands, should I ever come near cursed house. Now, you know who I am, an I have kept my word, which was never to die gave you a shamed face. Kate Clank, your m is before you!"

M'Clutchy took the matter very cool certai laughed at her, and in a voice of thunder d the ejectments to proceed.

But how shall we dwell upon this miserable The wailings and screams, the solicitations for n their prayers, their imprecations and promises all sternly disregarded; and on went the just law, accompanied by the tumult of misery. T were dragged out—the bedrid grandmother h couch of straw taken from under her. From the of death, the corpse of an aged female was c out amidst the shrieks and imprecations of bot and women! The sick child that clung with ness to the bosom of its distracted mother, w out under the freezing blast of the north; a on, onward, from house to house, went the st law, accompanied still by the increasing tur misery. *This was upon Christmas eve—a joy and festivity!*

At length they reached O'Regan's, and it our intention to describe the occurrence a

ength. It could not be done. O'Regan clasped his ands, so did his wife; they knelt—they wept—they upplicated. They stated the nature of his malady—lecline—from having ruptured a blood vessel. They an to M'Clutchy, to M'Slime, to the squat figure n horseback. They prayed to Darby, and espe-ially intreated a ruffian follower who had been emarkable for, and wanton in, his inhumanity, but ith no effect. Darby shook his head.

"It couldn't be done," said he.

"No," replied the other, whose name was Grimes, we can't make any differ between one and another -so out he goes."

"Father," observed the meek boy, "let them. I ill only be the sooner in heaven."

He was placed sitting up in bed by the bailiffs, embling in the cold rush of the blas; but the oment their father saw their polluted and sacrile-ous hands upon him—he rushed forward accom-anied by his mother.

"Stay," said he in a loud hoarse voice; "since *u will* have him out, let our hands, not yours, be on him."

The ruffian told him they could not stand there l day, and without any further respect for their elings, they rudely wrapped the bed-clothes about

him and, carrying him out, he was placed upon a chair before the door. His parents were immediately beside him and took him now into their own care; but it was too late—he smiled as he looked into their faces, then looked at his little brother, and giving one long drawn sigh, he passed, without pain or suffering, saving a slight shudder, into happiness. O'Regan when he saw that his noble and beloved boy was gone, surrendered him into the keeping of his wife and other friends, who prevented his body from falling off the chair. He then bent his eye sternly upon the group of bailiffs, especially upon the rude ruffian, Grimes, whose conduct was so atrocious.

"Now listen," said he kneeling down beside his dead son—"listen all of you that has wrought this murder of my dying boy! He is yet warm," he added, grinding his teeth and looking up to heaven, "and here beside him, I pray, that the gates of mercy may be closed upon my soul through all eternity, if I die without vengeance for your death, my son!"

His mother, who was now in a state between stupor and distraction, exclaimed—

"To be sure, darling, and I'll assist you, and so will Torley."

The death of this boy, under circumstances of

such incredible cruelty, occasioned even M'Clutchy to relax something of his original intentions. He persisted, however, in accomplishing all the ejectments without exception, but when this was over, he allowed them to re-occupy their miserable cabins, until the weather should get milder, and until such of them as could, might be able to procure some other shelter for themselves and families.

When all was over, M'Slime, who had brought with him a sheaf of tracts for their spiritual sustenance, saw, from the deeply tragic character of the proceedings, that he might spare himself the trouble of such Christian sympathy as he wished to manifest for their salvation. He and M'Clutchy, to whom, by the way, he presented the truly spiritual sustenance of some good brandy out of a flask, with which he balanced the tracts in his other pocket, then took their way in the very centre of the Dashers, leaving behind them all those sorrows of life, for which, however, they might well be glad to exchange their consciences and their wealth.

The circumstances which we have just described, were too striking not to excite considerable indignation among all reasonable minds at the time. An account of that day's proceedings got into the papers, but was so promptly and fully contradicted by the

united testimony of M'Clutchy and M'Slime, that the matter was made to appear very highly complimentary to the benevolence and humanity of both. "So far from the proceedings in question," the contradiction went on to say, "being marked by the wanton cruelty and inhumanity imputed to them, they were, on the contrary, as remarkable for the kindness and forbearance evinced by Messrs. M'Clutchy and M'Slime. The whole thing was a mere legal form, conducted in a most benevolent and Christian spirit. The people were all restored to their tenements the moment the business of the day was concluded, and we cannot readily forget the admirable advice and exhortation offered to them, and so appropriately offered, by Solomon M'Slime, Esq., the truly Christian and benevolent law agent of the property in question."

By these proceedings, however, M'Clutchy had gained his point, which was, under the guise of a zealous course of public duty, to create a basis on which to ground his private representations of the state of the country to government. He accordingly lost no time in communicating on the subject with Lord Cumber, who at once supported him in the project of raising a body of cavalry for the better security of the public peace; as, indeed, it was his interest to do, in as much, as it advanced his

rtance in the eye of government quite as it did M'Clutchy's. A strong case was, made out by this plausible intriguer. In rs after the affair of Drum Dhu, honest rived to receive secret information of the of certain illegal papers which clearly hat there existed a wide and still spread- piracy in the country. As yet, he said, he t ground any proceeding of a definite cha- on them.

formation, he proceeded to say, when writ- e Castle, which came to him anonymously, e effect that by secretly searching the eves n houses specified in the communication he would find documents, clearly corrobo- e existence and design of the conspiracy led to. That he had accordingly done so, is utter surprise, found that his anonymous t was right. He begged to enclose copies papers, together with the names of the residing in the houses where they were He did not like, indeed, to be called a "Con- nunter," as no man more deprecated their ; but he was so devotedly attached to the of his revered sovereign, and those of his ent, that no matter at what risk either of

person or reputation, he would never shrink from avowing or manifesting that attachment to them. And he had the honour to be, his very obedient servant,

VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY, J.P.

P.S—He begged to enclose for his perusal a letter from his warm friend, Lord Cumber, on the necessity, as he properly terms it, of getting up a corps of cavalry, which is, indeed, a second thought, as they would be much better adapted, upon long pursuits, and under pressing circumstances, for scowering the country, which is now so dreadfully disturbed. And has once more the honour to be,

VAL. M'C.

Representations like these, aided by that most foolish and besotted tendency which so many of the ignorant and uneducated peasantry have, of entering into such associations, did not fail in working out M'Clutchy's designs. Most of those in whose houses these papers were placed, fled the country, among whom was O'Regan, whose dying son Deaker's Dashers treated with such indefensible barbarity; and what made every thing appear to fall in with his good fortune, it was much about this period that Grimes, the unfeeling man whom O'Regan appeared to have in his eye when he uttered such an awful vow

of vengeance, was found murdered not far from his own house, with a slip of paper pinned to his coat, on which were written, in a disguised hand the words —"Remember O'Regan's son, and let tyrants tremble."

Many strong circumstances appeared to bring this murder home to O'Regan. From the day of his son's death, until the illegal papers were found in the eve of his house, he had never rested one moment. His whole soul seemed darkly to brood over that distressing event, and to have undergone a change as it were from good to evil. His brow lowered, his cheek got gaunt and haggard, and his eye hollow and wolfish with ferocity. Neither did he make any great secret of his intention to execute vengeance on those who hurried his dying child out of life whilst in the very throws of dissolution. He was never known, however, to name any names, nor to mark out any particular individual for revenge. His denunciations were general, but fearful in their import. The necessity, too, of deserting his wife and child sealed his ruin, which was not hard to do, as the man was at best but poor, or merely able as it is termed, to live from hand to mouth. His flight, therefore, and all the circumstances of the case considered, it is not strange that he was the

object of general suspicion, and that the officers of justice were sharply on the look out for a clue to him.

In this position matters were, when the Castle Cumber corps of cavalry made their appearance under all the glitter of new arms housings and uniforms, with Valentine M'Clutchy as their captain and pay-master, and graceful Phil as lieutenant. Upon what slight circumstances do great events often turn. Because Phil had an ungainly twist in his legs, or in other words, because he was knock-kneed, and could not appear to advantage as an infantry officer; was the character of the corps changed from foot to cavalry, so that Phil and Handsome Harry had an opportunity of exhibiting their points together. A year had now elapsed, and the same wintry month of December had again returned, and yet no search had been successful in finding any trace of O'Regan; but if our readers will be so good as to accompany us to another scene, they will have an opportunity of learning at least the character which M'Clutchy's new corps had won in the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WINTER MORNING—POVERTY AND SORROW—FATHER ROCHE — A MOUNTAIN JOURNEY — RAYMOND-NA-HATTHA — CABIN ON THE MOORS — M'CLUTCHY'S BLOOD-HOUNDS—THE CONFLICT—A TREBLE DEATH.

It is the chill and ghastly dawn of a severe winter morning; the grey, cheerless opening of day borrows its faint light only for the purpose of enabling you to see that the country about you is partially covered with snow, and that the angry sky is loaded with storm. The rising sun, like some poverty-stricken invalid, driven, as it were, by necessity, to the occupation of the day, seems scarcely able to rise, and does so with a sickly and reluctant aspect. Abroad, there is no voice of joy or kindness—no cheerful murmur with which the heart can sympathize—all the warm and exhilarating harmonies that breathe from nature in her more genial moods are silent. A black freezing spirit darkens the very light of day, and throws its dismal shadow upon every thing about us, whilst the only sounds that

fall upon the ear, are the roaring of the bitter winds among the naked trees, or the hoarse voice of the half-frozen river, rising and falling—now near, and now far away in the distance.

On such a morning as this it was, and at such an hour, that a pale-faced, thin woman, with all the melancholy evidences of destitution and sorrow about her, knocked at the door of her parish priest, the Rev. Francis Roche. The very knock she gave, had in it a character of respectful but eager haste. Her appearance, too, was miserable, and as she stood in the cold wintry twilight, it would have satisfied any one that deep affliction and wasting poverty were both at her humble hearth. She had on neither shoe nor stocking, and the consequence was, that the sharp and jagged surface of the frozen ground, rendered severer by the impatient speed of her journey, had cut her feet in such a manner that the blood flowed from them in several places. Cloak or bonnet she had none; but instead of the former her humble gown was turned over her shoulders, and in place of the latter she wore a thin kerchief, drawn round her head, and held under her chin with one hand, as the lower classes of Irishwomen often do in short and hasty journies. *Her* journey, however, though hasty in this instance, was by no

means short; and it was easy to perceive by her distracted manner and stifled sobs, that however poorly protected against the bitter elements, she had a grief within which rendered her insensible to their severity.

It was also apparent, that, though humble in life, she possessed, like thousands of her countrywomen, a mind of sufficient compass and strength to comprehend, when adequately moved, the united working of more than one principle at the same moment. We have said it was evident that she was under the influence of deep sorrow, but this was not all—a second glance might disclose the exhibition of a still higher principle. The woman was at prayer, and it was easy to perceive by the beads which she held in her fervently clasped hands, by the occasional knocking of her breast, and the earnest look of supplication to heaven, that her soul poured forth its aspirations in the deep-felt and anxious spirit of that religion which affliction is found so often to kindle in the peasant's heart. She had only knocked a second time when the door was opened, and having folded up her beads, she put them into her bosom, and entering the priest's house, immediately found herself in the kitchen. In a moment a middle aged woman, with a rush light in her hand, stirred up the

greeshough, and raking the live turf out of it, she threw on a dozen well dried peats out of the chimney corner, and soon had a comfortable and blazing fire, at which the afflicted creature, having first intimated her wish that his reverence should accompany her home, was desired to sit until he should be ready to set out.

"Why then," exclaimed the good-natured woman, "but you had a bitther tramp of it this could and cuttin' mornin'—and a could and cuttin' mornin' it is—for sure didn't I feel as if the very nose was whipt off o' me when I only wint to open the door for you. Sit near the fire, achora, and warm yourself—throth myself feels like a sieve, the way the could's goin' through me;—sit over, achora, sit over, and get some heat into you."

"Thank you," said the woman, "but you know it's not a safe thing to go near the fire when one is frozen or very cowld—'twould only make me worse when I go out again, besides givin' me pain now."

"Och, 'troth you're right, I forgot that—but you surely didn't come far, if one's to judge by your dress; though, God knows, far or near, you have the light coverin' an you for such a morning as this is, the Lord be praised!"

"I came better than three miles," replied the woman.

"Than what?"

"Than three miles."

"Saver above, is it possible! without cloak or bonnet, shoe or stockin'—an you have your affliction at home too, poor thing; why the Lord look down an you, an' pity you I pray his blessed name this day! Stop, I must warm you a drink of brave new milk, and that'll help to put the could out of your heart—sit round here, from the breath of that back door—I'll have it ready for you in a jiffey; throth will I, an' you'll see it'll warm you and do you good."

"God help me," exclaimed the woman, "I'll take the drink, bekase I wouldn't refuse your kind heart; but it's not meat, nor drink, nor could, nor storm, that's throublin me—I could bear all that, and many a time did—but then I had *him*! but now who's to comfort us—who are we to look to—who is to be our friend? Oh, in the wide world—but God is good!"—said she, checking herself from a pious apprehension that she was not sufficiently submissive to his will, "God is good—but still it's hard to think of losing him."

"Well, you won't lose him, I hope," said the

good creature, stirring the new milk with a spoon, and tasting it to ascertain if it was warm enough—"Of coorse it's your husband you—whitch! itgch! —the devil be off you for a skillet, I've a'most scalded myself wid you—it's so thin that it has a thing boilin' before you could say Jack Robison. Here now, achora, try it, an' take care it's not a trifle too hot—it'll comfort you, any how."

It is in a country like Ireland, where there is so much of that close and wasting poverty which constitutes absolute misery, that these beautiful gushes of pure and tender humanity are to be found, which spring in the obscurity of life out of the natural goodness and untutored piety of the Irish heart. It is these virtues, unseen and unknown, as they generally are, except by the humble individuals on whom they are exerted—that so often light up by their radiance the darkness and destitution of the cold and lowly cabin, and that give an unconscious sense of cheerfulness under great privations, which, those who do not know the people, often attribute to other and more discreditable causes.

While the poor woman in question was drinking the warm milk—the very best restorative by the way which she could get—for poverty is mostly forced to find out its own humble comforts—Father

Roche entered the kitchen, buttoned up and prepared for the journey. On looking at her he seemed startled by the scantiness of her dress on such a morning—and when she rose up at his entrance and dropped him a curtsey, exclaiming "God save you, Father!"—at the same time hastily swallowing down the remainder of the milk that she might not lose a moment; he cast his eye round the kitchen to see whether she had actually come in the dress she wore.

"How far have you come this morning, my poor woman?" he inquired.

"From the side of the Sliebeen More Mountains, plaise your reverence."

"What, in your present dress! without shoe or stocking?"

"True enough, Sir; but indeed it was little the cowld, or sleet, or frost, troubled me."

"Yes, God help you, I can believe *that* too—for I understand the cause of it too well—but have hope—Katty, what was that you gave her?"

"A mouthful of warm milk, your reverence, to put the cowld out of her heart."

"Ah, Katty, I wish we could put sorrow and affliction out of it—but you did well and right in the meantime; still you must do better, Katty.

Lend her your cloak—and your shoes and stockings too, poor thing!"

"I'm oblaged to your reverence," she replied, "but indeed I won't feel the want of them; as I said there's only one thought that I am suffering about—and that is, for your reverence to see my husband before he departs."

"Yes—but the consequences of this cold and bitter journey may fall upon you at another time—and before long too—so be advised by me, and don't refuse to take them."

"It's not aisy to do that, Sir," she replied with a faint smile, for as she spoke, his servant had the cloak already about her shoulders, "it appears," she continued "that this kind woman must have her will and way in every thing."

"To be sure I will," said Katty, "espishally in every thing that's right, any how—come here now, and while his reverence is getting his staff and mittens in the room above, I'll help you on with the shoes and stockings. Now," she added in one of those touching and irresistible whispers that are produced by kindness and not by secrecy, "if any thing happens—as God forbid there should—but if any thing *does* happen, keep these till afther every thing is over. Before strangers you know one

wouldn't like to appear too bare, if they could help it."

The tone in which these words were spoke, could not fail in at once reaching the poor woman's heart. She wept as much from gratitude, as the gloomy alternative involved in Katty's benevolent offer.

"God bless you," she exclaimed, "but I trust in the Almighty, there *may* be hope and that they wont be wanted. Still, how *can* I hope when I think of the way he's in? But God is good, blessed be his holy name!"

So saying, the priest came down, and they both set out on their bleak and desolate journey.

The natural aspect of the surrounding country was in good keeping, with the wild and stormy character of the morning. Before them in the back ground rose a magnificent range of mountains, whose snowy peaks were occasionally seen far above the dusky clouds which drifted rapidly across their bosoms. The whole landscape, in fact, teemed with a spirit of savage grandeur. Many of the glens on each side were deep and precipitous, where rock beetled over rock, and ledge projected over ledge, in a manner so fearful, that the mind of the spectator, excited and rapt into terror by the contemplation of them, wondered why they did not long ago tumble

into the chasm beneath, so slight was their apparent support. Even in the mildest seasons desolation brooded over the lesser hills and mountains about them; what then must it not have been at the period we are describing? From a hill a little to the right over which they had to pass, a precipitous headland was visible, against which the mighty heavings of the ocean could be heard hoarsely thundering at a distance, and the giant billows, in periods of storm and tempest, seen shivering themselves into white foam that rose nearly to the summit of their immoveable barriers.

Such was the toilsome country over which our two travellers had to pass.

It was not without difficulty and fatigue, that the priest and his companion wended their way towards one of the moors we have mentioned. The snow beat against them with great violence, sometimes rendering it almost impossible for them to keep their eyes open or to see their proper path across the hills. The woman, however, trod her way instinctively; and whilst the priest aided her by his superior strength, she in return guided him by a clearer sagacity. Neither spoke much, for in truth each had enough to do in combating the toil and peril of the journey, as well as in thinking of the melancholy

scene to which they were hastening. Words of consolation and comfort he did from time to time utter; but he felt that his situation was one of difficulty. To inspire hope where there was probably no hope, might be only to deepen her affliction; and on the other hand, to weigh down a heart already heavy laden by unnecessarily adding one gloomy forboding to its burthen, was not in his nature. Such comfort as he could give without bearing too strongly upon either her hopes or her fears he did give; and we do not think, that an apostle had he been in his place, could or ought to have done more.

They had now arrived within half a mile of the moor, when they felt themselves overtaken by a man whose figure was of a very singular and startling description, being apparently as wild and untamed as the barren waste on which he made his appearance. He was actually two or three inches above the common height, but in addition to this fact, and as if not satisfied with it, he wore three hats, one sheathed a little into the other so that they could not readily separate, and the under one he kept always fastened to his head, in order to prevent the whole pyramid from falling off. His person seemed to gain still greater height from the circumstance of his wearing a long surtout that reached to his heels,

and which he kept constantly buttoned closely about him. His feet were cased in a tight pair of leather buskins, for it was one of his singularities that he could endure neither boot nor shoe, and he always wore a glove of some kind on his left hand, but never any on his right. His features might be termed regular, even handsome; and his eyes were absolutely brilliant, yet, notwithstanding this, it was impossible to look for a moment upon his *tout ensemble*, without perceiving that that spirit which stamps the impress of reason and intellect upon the human countenance, was not visible in his. Like a new and well proportioned house which had never been occupied, every thing seemed externally regular and perfect, whilst it was evident by its still and lonely character, as contrasted with the busy marks of on-going life in those around it, that it was void and without an inhabitant.

Like many others of his unhappy class, Poll Doolin's son, "Raymond-na-hattha," for it was he, and so had he been nicknamed, in consequence of his wearing such a number of hats, had a remarkable mixture of humour, simplicity, and cunning. He entertained a great penchant, or rather a passion for cock-fighting, and on the present occasion carried a game one under his arm.

Throughout the county no man possessed a bird of that species, with whose pedigree he was not thoroughly acquainted; and, truth to tell, he proved himself as great a thief as he was a genealogist among them. Many a time the unfortunate foxes from some neighbouring cover were cursed and banned, when, if the fact had been known, the only fox that despoiled the roost was Raymond-na-hattha. One thing, however, was certain, that unless the cock were thoroughly game he might enjoy his liberty and ease long enough without molestation from Raymond. We had well nigh forgotten to say that he wore on the right side of his topmost hat a cockade of yellow cloth, from which two or three ribbons of a scarlet colour fluttered down to his shoulder, a bit of vanity which added very much to the fantastic nature of his general costume.

"Ha! Raymond, my good boy," said the priest, "how does it happen that you are so early up this stormy morning? would you not be more comfortable in your bed?"

"Airly up," replied Raymond, "airly up! that's good—to be sure you're a priest, but you don't know every thing."

"Why, what am I ignorant of now, Raymond?"

"Why, that I didn't go to bed yet—so that it's

up late, instead of early, I am—d'ye hear? ha, ha, now take that."

"When, where, and how did you spend the night then, Raymond; but you seem in a hurry—surely if you trot on at this rate we cannot keep up with you." The truth is, Raymond's general rate of travelling was very rapid. "Where did you spend the night, Raymond," continued the priest.

"Wid a set o' jolly cocks—ha, ha—now make money of that, d'ye hear."

"You're a riddle, Raymond; you're a riddle; there's no understanding you—where did you get the cock?—but I needn't ask; of course you stole him."

"Then why *do* you ax if you think so?"

"Because you're notorious for stealing cocks—every one knows as much."

"No, never steal 'em,—fond o' me—come wid me themselves. Look." The words were scarcely uttered when he tossed the bird up into the air, and certainly, after flying about for a few yards, he alit, and tottering against the wind towards Raymond, stretched out his neck, as if he wished to be again taken up by him.

"I see," said the priest, "but answer me—where did you spend last night now?"

"I tould you," said Raymond, "wid de jolly

ıcks—sure I mostly roost it; an' better company ıo than most people, for they're fond o' me. Didn't ou see? ha, ha!"

"I believe I understand you now," said Father oche; "you've slept near somebody's hen-roost, nd have stolen the cock—to whom are you carrying ;?"

"You won't tell to-morrow;—ha, ha, there now, ake a rub too—that's one."

"Poor creature," said the priest to his companion, I am told he is affectionate, and where he takes fancy or has received a kindness, very grate-il."

The parish where the circumstances we are escribing occurred, having been that in which aymond was born, of course the poor fool was miliar to every one in it, as indeed every one in it, ›ung and old, was to him.

During this short dialogue between him and the iest, the female, absorbed in her own heavy rrow, was observed by Raymond occasionally to ipe the tears from her eyes; a slight change, a ade of apparent compassion came over his coun-nance, and turning to her, he gently laid his hand ıon her shoulder, and said, in a voice different ›m his flighty and abrupt manner—

"Don't cry, Mary, *he* has company, and good things that were brought to him—he has indeed, Mary; so don't be crying now."

"What do you mean, poor boy?" asked the woman; "I don't understand you, Raymond."

"It is difficult to do that at all times," said Father Roche, "but notwithstanding the wildness of his manner, he is seldom without meaning. Raymond will you tell me where you came from now?" he asked.

"From your house," he replied; "I went to fetch you to *him;* but you were both gone, and I overtook you—I could aisy do that—ha, ha."

"But what is the company that's with him, Raymond?" asked the female, naturally anxious to understand this part of his communication. Raymond, however, was now in one of his silent moods, and appeared not to hear her; at all events, he did not think it worth his while to give her any reply. For a short period he kept murmuring indistinctly to himself, or if a word or two became audible, it was clear that his favourite sport of cock-fighting had altogether engrossed his attention.

They had now reached a rough, dark knoll of heath, which brought them in view of the cabin to which they were going, and also commanded an ex-

ensive and glorious prospect of the rich and magnificent inland country which lay behind them. The priest and his now almost exhausted companion, to whom its scenery was familiar, waited not to look back upon its beauty, or its richness. Not so Raymond, who, from the moment they began to ascend the elevation, kept constantly looking back, and straining his eyes in one particular direction. At length he started, and, placing his right hand upon the priest's shoulder, said in a suppressed but eager voice—

"Go on—go on—they're coming." Then, turning to the female—"Come," said he; "come, Mary, —I'll help you."

"Who is coming?" she exclaimed, whilst the paleness of death and terror settled in her face; "for God's mercy, Raymond, who is coming?"

"I saw them," said he; "I saw them. Come—come fast—I'll help you—don't thrimble—don't trimble."

"Let us be guided by him," said the priest. Raymond," he added, "we cannot go much faster through this marshy heath; but do you aid Mary as well as you can; as for me, I will try if it be possible to quicken my pace."

He accordingly proceeded in advance of the other

two for a little; but it was only for a little. The female—who seemed excited by some uncommon terror, and the wild apprehensive manner of her companion, into something not unlike the energy of despair—rushed on, as if she had been only setting out, or gained supernatural strength. In a few minutes she was beside the priest, whom she encouraged, and besought, and entreated—ay, and in some moments of more vehement feeling, absolutely chided, for not keeping pace with herself. They had now, however, come within about a hundred yards of the cabin, which they soon reached—the female entering it about a minute or two before the others, in order to make those humble arrangements about a sick-bed, which, however poverty may be forced to overlook on ordinary occasions, are always attended to on the approach of the doctor, or the minister of religion. In the instance before us, she had barely time to comfort her sick husband, by an assurance that the priest had arrived, after which she hastily wiped his lips and kissed them, then settled his head more easily; after which she spread out to the best advantage the poor quilt which covered him, and tucked it in about his lowly bed, so as to give it something of a more tidy appearance.

The interior of the cottage, which the priest and Raymond entered together, was, when the bitter and inclement nature of the morning, and the state of the miserable inmates is considered, enough to make any heart possessing humanity shudder. Two or three stools; a couple of pots; a few shelves, supported on pegs driven into the peat wall; about a bushel of raw potatoes lying in a corner; a small heap of damp turf—for the foregoing summer had been so incessantly wet, that the turf, unless when very early cut, could not be saved; a few wooden noggins and dishes; together with a bundle of straw, covered up in a corner with the sick man's coat, which, when shaken out at night, was a bed; and these, with the exception of their own simple domestic truth and affection, was their only riches. The floor, too, as is not unusual in such mountain cabins, was nothing but the natural peat, and so damp and soft was it, that in wet weather the marks of their feet were visibly impressed on it at every step. With the exception of liberty to go and come, pure air, and the light of the blessed day, they might as well have dragged out their existence in a subterraneous keep, belonging to some tyrannical old baron of the feudal ages.

There was one small apartment in this cabin, but

what it contained, if it did contain any thing, could not readily be seen, for the hole or window, which in summer admitted the light, was now filled with rags to keep out the cold. From this little room, however, the priest as he entered, was surprised to see a young man come forth, apparently much moved by some object which he had seen in it.

"Mr. Harman," said the priest, a good deal surprised, "who could have expected to find you here?"

They shook hands as he spoke, each casting his eyes upon this woful scene of misery. "God pity them," ejaculated the priest, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, "and sustain them!"

"I owe it to poor Raymond, here," replied the other, "and I feel obliged to him; but," said he, taking Father Roche over to the door, "here will be a double death—father and son."

"Father and son, how is that?—she mentioned nothing of the son."

"It is very possible," said Harman, "that they are not conscious of his danger. I fear, however, that the poor boy has not many hours to live."

All that we have just described, occurred in three minutes; but short as was the time, the wife's impatience to have the rights of the church admi-

nistered, could scarcely be restrained; nor was poor Raymond's anxiety about the dying man much less.

"They're comin'," said he, "Mr. Harman, they are comin'; hurry, hurry, I know what they'll do."

"Who are coming, Raymond?" asked Harman.

"Oh!" said the fool, "hurry—M'Clutchy's blood-hounds."

The wife clapped her hands, shrieked, and falling on her knees, exclaimed in a piercing voice, "merciful God, look down on us! Oh, Father Roche, there is not a moment to be lost!"

The priest and Harman again exchanged a melancholy glance;—"you must all retire into the little room," said the clergyman, "until I administer to him the last rites."

They accordingly withdrew, the woman having first left a lit rush light candle at his bed-side, as she knew the ceremony required.

The man's strength was wasting fast, and his voice sinking rapidly, but on the other hand he was calm and rational, a circumstance which relieved the priest's mind very much. As is usual, having put a stole about his neck, he first heard his confession, earnestly exhorted him to repentance, and soothed and comforted him with all those promises and consolations which are held out to repentant

sinners. He then administered the Extreme Unction; which being over, the ceremony, and a solemn one it must be considered, was concluded. On this occasion, however, his death-bed consolations did not end here. There are in the Roman Catholic Church prayers for the dying, many of them replete with the fervour of Christian faith, and calculated to raise the soul to the hopes of immortality. These the priest read in a slow manner, so as that the dying man could easily accompany him, which he did with his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes closed, unless when he raised them occasionally to heaven. He then exhorted him with an anxiety for his salvation which transcended all earthly and temporal considerations, prayed with him and for him, whilst the tears streamed in torrents down his cheeks. Nor was the spirit of his holy mission lost; the penitent man's face assumed a placid and serene expression; the light of immortal hope beamed upon it; and raising his eyes and his feeble arms to heaven, he uttered several ejaculations in a tone of voice too low to be heard. At length he exclaimed aloud, "thanks to the Almighty that I did not commit this murder as I intended! I found it done to my hand; but I don't know who did it, as I am to meet my God!" The words were pronounced with difficulty;

indeed they were scarcely uttered, when his arms fell lifelessly, as it were, by his side:—they were again suddenly drawn up, however, as if by a convulsive motion, and the priest saw that the agonies of death were about to commence; still, it was easy to perceive that the man was collected and rational.

It was now, however, that a scene took place, which could not, we imagine, be witnessed out of distracted and unhappy Ireland. Raymond, who appeared to dread the approach of those whom he termed M'Clutchy's blood-hounds, no sooner saw that the religious rites were concluded, than he ran out to reconnoitre. In a moment, however, he returned a picture of terror, and dragging the woman to the door, pointed to a declivity below the house, exclaiming—

"See, Mary, see—they're gallopin'."

The dying man seemed conscious of what was said, for the groan he gave was wild and startling; his wife dropped on her knees at the door, where she could watch her husband and those who approached, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "To your mercy, O Lord of heaven, to your mercy take him, before he falls into their hands, that will show him none!" She then bestowed upon him a look full of an impatient agony,

which no language could describe; her eyes ha already become wild and piercing—her cheek flushe —and her frame animated with a spirit that seeme to partake at once of terror, intense hatred, an something like frenzy.

"They are gallopin'! they are gallopin'!" sh said, "and they will find life in him!" She the wrung her hands, but shed not a tear—"spee Hugh," she said, "speed, speed, husband of m heart—the arms of God are they not open for yo and why do you stay?" These sentiments, w should have informed our readers, were uttered, rather chaunted in a recitative of sorrow, in Irish Irish being the language in which the peasantr who happen to speak both it and English, alway express themselves when more than usually excited "The sacred oil of salvation is upon you—the sacra ment of peace and forgiveness has lightened you soul—the breath of mercy is the breath you'r breathin'—the hope of Jesus is in your heart, an the intercession of his blessed mother, she that knew sorrow herself, is before you! Then, light of my heart, the arms of God are they not open for you, and why do you stay here?"

"Nearer—nearer," she exclaimed, "they are nearer—whippin' and spurrin' their horses! Hugh

O'Regan, that was the sun of my life, and of my heart, and ever without a cloud, hasten to the God of mercy! Oh, surely, you will not blame your own Mary that was your lovin' wife—and the treasure of your young and manly heart, for wishin' to see you taken from her eyes—and for wishing to see the eyes that never looked upon us all but with love and kindness, closed on us for ever. Oh," said she, putting her hands to her forehead, "an' is it—*is it* come to this—that I that was dearer to him than his own life a thousand times, should now be glad to see him die—be glad to see him die! Oh! they are here," she shrieked, "before the door—you may hear their horses' feet! Hugh O'Regan," and her voice became louder and more energetic—"the white-skinned—the fair of hair, the strong of hand, and the true of heart—as you ever loved me that was once your happy bride—as you ever loved the religion of our holy church—as you hope for happiness and mercy, hasten from me—from our orphan—from all—oh, hasten to the arms of your God!"

During this scene there was a solemn silence in the house, the priest and Harman having both been struck mute at the solemnity of the scene.

"They are here—they are here!" she screamed.

"Oh, son of my heart, think not now of me, nor of the children of your love, for we will follow you in time—but think of the happy country you're going to,—to live in the sunshine of heaven, among saints and angels for ever! Oh, son of my heart, think too of what you lave behind you! What is it? Oh! what is it to you—but poverty, and misery, and hardship—the cowld cabin and the damp bed—the frost of the sky—the frown of power, and the scourge of law—all this, oh, right hand of my affection, with the hard labour and the scanty food, do you fly from! Sure we had no friend in this world to protect or defend us against them that would trample us under their feet! No friend for us because we are poor, and no friend for our religion because it is despised. Then hasten, hasten, O light of my heart—and take refuge in the mercy of your God!"

"Mary," said the priest, who had his eyes fixed on the sick man, "give God thanks, he is dead—and beyond the reach of human enmity for ever."

She immediately prostrated herself on the floor in token of humility and thanksgiving—then raising her eyes to heaven, she said, "may the heart of the woeful widow be grateful to the God who has taken him to his mercy before they came upon him! But

ere they are, and now I am not afraid of them. hey can't insult my blessed husband now, nor urdher him, as his father's villains did our dyin' n, on the could Esker of Drum Dhu; nor disturb im with their barbarous torments on the bed of eath—and glory be to God for that!"

Many of our readers may be led to imagine that ie terrors of Mary O'Regan were altogether nproportioned to any thing that might be appre-ended from the approach of the officers of justice, r, at least, of those who came to execute the law. he state of Irish society at that time, however, as very different from what it is now, or has been r the last twenty years. At that period one party as in the ascendant, and the other directly under eir feet; the former was in the possession of irre-onsible power, and the other, in many matters, ithout any tribunal whatsoever to which they could peal. The Established Church of Ireland was en a sordid corporation, whose wealth was par-lled out not only without principle, but without ame, to the English and Irish aristocracy, but incipally to the English. Church livings were t filled with men remarkable for learning and ety, but awarded to political prostitution, and often young rakes of known and unblushing profligacy

connected with families of rank. The consequence was, that a gross secular spirit replete with political hatred and religious rancour, was the only principle which existed in the place of true religion. That word was then, except in rare cases indeed, a dead letter; for such was the state of Protestant society then, and for several years afterwards, that it mattered not how much or how little a man of that creed knew about the principles of his own church; and as it was administered, the less he knew of it the better—all that was necessary to constitute a good Protestant was "to hate the Pope." In truth—for it cannot be concealed, and we write it with deep pain and sorrow, the Established Church of Ireland was then in point of fact, little else than a mere political engine held by the English government, for the purpose of securing the adherence of those who were willing to give support to their measures.

In such a state of things, then, it need not be wondered at, that, neglected and secularized as it was at the period we write of, it should produce a class of men, whose passions in every thing connected with religion and politics were intolerant and exclusive. Every Church, no matter what its creed, unfortunately has its elect of such professors. Nor were these confined to the lower classes alone—far

from it. The squire and nobleman were too frequently both alike remarkable for the exhibition of such principles. Of this class was our friend M'Clutchy, who was now a justice of peace, a grand juror, and a captain of cavalry—his corps having, a little time before, been completed. With this *posse*, as the officers of justice, the pranks he played were grievous to think of, or to remember. He and they were, in fact, the terror of the whole Roman Catholic population; and from the spirit in which they executed justice, were seldom called by any other name than that of M'Clutchy's Blood-hounds. Upon the present occasion they were unaccompanied by M'Clutchy himself—a circumstance which was not to be regretted, as there was little to be expected from his presence, but additional brutality and insult.

On arriving at the door, they hastily dismounted, and rushed into the cabin with their usual violence and impetuosity, each being armed with a carbine and bayonet.

Hallo!" said the leader, whose name was Sharpe; "what's here? shamming sickness is it?"

"No," said Father Roche; "it is death!"

"Ay! shamming death then. Never mind—we'll soon see that. Come, Steele, give him a prod—a

gentle one—and I'll engage it'll make him find tongue, if any thing will."

Steele, to whom this was addressed, drew his bayonet, and commenced screwing it on, for the purpose of executing his orders.

"A devilish good trick, too," said he; "and the first of the kind that has been practised on us yet—here goes——"

Up until this moment O'Regan's wife sat beside the dead body of her husband, without either word or motion. A smile of—it might be satisfaction, perhaps even joy, at his release; or it might be hatred—was on her face, and in her eye; but when the man pointed his bayonet at the corpse of her husband, she started to her knees, and opening out her arms, exclaimed—

"Here's my heart—and through that heart your bayonet will go, before it touches his body. Oh, if *you* have hearts in your bodies, you will surely spare the dead!"

"Here goes, ma'am," he repeated, "and you had better lave that—we're not in the habit of being checked by the like of you, at any rate, or any of your creed."

"I am not afeared to profess my creed—nor ashamed of it," she exclaimed; "and if it went to

that, I would die for it—but I tell you, that before your bayonet touches the dead body of my husband, it must pass through my heart!"

"Don't be alarmed, Mary," said the priest; "they surely cannot be serious. It's not possible that any being in the shape of man could be guilty of such a sacrilegious outrage upon the dead as they threaten."

"What is it *your* business?" said the leader; "go and tare off your masses, and be hanged; none of your Popish interference here, or it'll be worse for you! I say the fellow's not dead—he's only skeming. Come, Alick, put the woman aside, and tickle him up."

"Keep aside, I tell you," said Steele, again addressing her—"keep aside, my good woman, till I obey my orders—and don't provoke me."

Father Roche was again advancing to remonstrate with him, for the man's determination seemed likely to get stronger by opposition—when, just as the bayonet which had already passed under the woman's arm, was within a few inches of O'Regan's body, he felt himself dragged forcibly back, and Raymond-na-hattha stood before him, having seized both carbine and bayonet with a strong grip.

"Don't do that," he exclaimed—"don't—you'd hurt him—sure you'd hurt poor Hugh!"

The touching simplicity of this language, which, to a heart possessing the least tincture of humanity, would have more force than the strongest argument, was thrown away upon him to whom it was directed.

"Fling the blasted idiot off," shouted Sharpe; "don't you see he has let the cat out o' the bag—how could the man be hurted if he was dead? I knew it was a schame."

To throw Raymond off, however, was easier said than done, as the fellow found on attempting it. A struggle commenced between them, which, though violent, was not of long duration. Raymond's eye got turbid, and glared with a red fiery light; but otherwise his complexion did not change. By a vehement twist, he wrenched the arms out of Steel's hands, hurling him from him at the same time, with such force, that he fell on the floor with a crash.

"Now," said he, pointing the bayonet to his neck, "would *you* like it?—ha, ha!—think of that."

Four carbines—the whole party consisting of five—were immediately levelled at him; and it is not improbable that half a minute more would have

closed both his existence and his history, had not Father Roche and the widow both succeeded, with some difficulty, in drawing him back from the prostrate officer of justice. Raymond, after a little time, gave up the arms; but his eye still blazed at his opponent, with a glare that could not be misunderstood.

Harman, who had hitherto taken no part whatsoever in the altercation, now interfered; and with feelings which he found it nearly impossible to restrain, pointed out to them the wanton cruelty of such conduct towards both the living and the dead. "I am ashamed of you," said he, "as countrymen, as Irishmen. Your treatment of this poor heart-broken woman, amidst her desolation and sorrow, is a disgrace to the country that gave you birth, and to the religion you profess, if, indeed, you profess any."

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Sharpe, "what is it you say about my religion? I tell you I'll allow no man to spake a syllable against my religion; so keep quiet if you're wise, and don't attack that, otherwise, don't be surprised if I make you dance the devil's hornpipe in half a shake, great a hairo as you are."

"And yet you felt no scruple in just now in-

sulting religion, in the person of this reverend gentleman who never offended you."

"Him! why what the hell is he but a priest?"

"And the more entitled to your respect on that account—but since you are so easily excited in defence of your own creed, why so ready to attack in such offensive and insulting language that of another?"

"Come, come, Sharpe," said another of them, "are we to be here all day—whatever we're to do let us do it at once; if the fellow's dead, why he has had a devilish good escape of it, and if not, let us clap him on a horse, that is, provided he's able to travel. I think myself he has got the start of us, and that the wind's out of him."

"Take your time," said Steele, who felt anxious to avenge his defeat upon some one, "we must know that before ever we leave the house—and by the great Boyne, the first person that goes between me and him will get the contents of this," and as he uttered the words he coolly and deliberately cocked the gun, and was advancing as before to the dead body.

"Hold back," said Harman, in a voice which made the man start, whilst with a firm tread and resolute eye, he stood face to face before him; "hold back, and dare not to violate that sacred and awful

privilege, which in every country and creed under heaven is sufficient to protect the defenceless dead. What can be your object in this? are you men—have you the spirit, the courage, of men? If you are human beings, is not the sight of that unhappy fellow-creature—I hope he is happy now—stretched out in death before you, sufficient, by the very stillness of departed life, to calm the brutal frenzy of your passions? Have you common courage? No; I tell you to your teeth that none but spiritless caitiffs and cowards would, in the presence of death and sorrow—in the miserable cabin of the destitute widow and her orphan boy—exhibit the ruffianly outrages of men who are wanton in their cruelty, merely because they know there is none to resist them; and I may add, because they think that their excesses, however barbarous, will be shielded by higher authority. No, I tell you, if there stood man for man before you, even without arms, in their hands, you would not dare to act and swagger as you do, or to play these cruel pranks of oppression and tyranny any where, much less in the house of death and affliction! Fie upon you, you are a disgrace to every thing that is human, a reproach to every feeling of manhood, and every principle of religion."

Hardened as they were by the habits of their profligate and debasing employment, such was the ascendancy of manly truth and moral feeling over them, that for a minute or two they quailed under the indignant glance of Harman. Steele drew back his gun, and looked round on his companions to ascertain their feeling.

"Gentlemen," said Father Roche, anxious to mollify them as much as he could—"gentlemen, for the sake of that poor heart-broken widowed woman and her miserable orphan son—for her and his sake, and if not for theirs then, for the sake of God himself, before whose awful judgment seat we must all stand to render an account of our works, I entreat—I implore you to withdraw—do, gentlemen, and leave her and her children to their sorrows and their misery, for the world has little else for them."

"I'm willing to go," said a fellow, ironically called Handsome Hacket, because he was blind of an eye and deeply pock-pitted—"their's no use in quarrellin' with a woman certainly—and I don't think there can be any doubt about the man's death; devil a bit."

"Well said, Vainus," exclaimed Sharpe, "and it not ten days since we were defrauded of Parra Rackan who escaped from us in Jemmy Reilly's

coffin—when we thought to *nab* him in the wake-house—and when we went away didn't they set him at large, and then go back to bury the man that was dead. Now how do you know Vainus, my purtty boy, that this fellow 's not playin' us a trick o' the same colour?"

"Come, come," said another of them who had not yet spoke, "it's ais'y to know that. Curse me, Steele, if you don't give him a tickle, I will—that's all—we're losin' the day and I want my breakfast. Living or dead, and be hanged to him, I'm starved for want of something to eat—and to drink too—so be quick I tell you."

"Very well, my buck," said Steele—"that's your sort—here goes—"

He once more advanced with a savage determination to effect his purpose—when the priest gently and in a mild spirit of remonstrance laid his hand upon his shoulder; but he had scarcely done so, when one of them seized him by the collar and flung, or rather attempted to fling, him back with great violence.

"Go on, Steele," shouted the last speaker whose name was Harpur—"go on—and be cursed, man, we will support you."

The words, however, were scarcely out of his lips,

when Raymond his eye glaring like that of a tiger with the wildness of untamed resentment, sprung upon him with a bound, and in a moment they once more grappled together. It was, however, only for a moment—for by the heavy blow he received from Raymond the man staggered and fell, but ere he reached the ground, the gun, which had been ineffectually aimed at the poor fool, went off, and lodged its contents in the heart of the last speaker who staggered, groaned, and fell lifeless where he stood.

For a minute or so, this fatal and unexpected catastrophe stunned them. They looked upon each other amazed and apparently stupified. "What," cried Sharpe, "is Harpur dead? Two of them then placed their arms against the wall, in order to ascertain the exact nature of the injury inflicted.

At this moment, Sharpe who saw at once the man was indeed lifeless, raised his gun about to take aim at Raymond, when a blow from Harman felled him to the earth.

"And here's for your kindness, Mister Harman," shouted Steele; but ere the words were uttered, O'Regan's wife threw herself upon him so effectually, that he felt it impossible to avail himself of his fire-arms.

"Fight now," she shouted in Irish, "it is for

your lives—it is for the widow—for the orphan—for the bed of death—and the dead that's upon it—fight now—for God will be with us! May his strength and power be in your arms and your hearts, prays the woful widow this day! Villain—villain," she shouted, "I have you powerless now—but it's the strength of God that is in me, and not my own!"

The conflict that ensued now was bitter, savage, deadly. The moment Sharpe was knocked down Raymond flew to their fire-arms, handed one to Harman, and kept the other himself. The men who used them were fierce, and powerful, and cruel. In a moment a furious contest took place. The four men immediately grappled, each one attempting to wrest the gun from his antagonist. Raymond whose passions were now roused so as to resemble the ravenous fury of madness itself, at one time howled like a beast of prey, and shouted, and screamed, and laughed with maniac wildness that was enough to make almost any heart quail. His eyes blazed, his figure dilated, his muscles stood out, his mouth was white with froth, and his eye-brows were knit into a deep and deadly scowl. Altogether his appearance was frightful and appalling.

Harman was still better matched, and the struggle with his foe was for some time doubtful enough, the

latter being one of the strongest and most resolute men in the whole parish. A powerful tug for the gun now took place, each pulling in opposite directions with all his might. At length a thought struck Harman, who all at once let the gun go, when the other, having no longer any resisting power to sustain him, fell back upon the floor, and in an instant Harman's knee was on his chest and the gun in his possession. The man ground his teeth, and looking up into his face with a black scowl of hatred exclaimed—

"It is your turn now, but I will have mine."

"You have had yours too long, villain," replied the other, "but in the mean time I will teach you to respect the bed of death and the afflictions of a widow."

Saying which, he vigorously applied the but of the gun to his ribs, until he had rendered him any thing but disposed for further conflict.

Both victories were achieved much about the same time; Raymond's opponent being far the more severely punished of the two. What, however, was their surprise after each had expelled his man from the cabin, to find Steele down, his gun lying on one side, O'Regan's wife fastened on his throat, and himself panting and almost black in the face!

"Here now," she exclaimed, "the battle of the

widow was well fought, and God gave us strength. Put this man out with the rest."

This was accordingly done, but as in the case of his companions, the gun for the present was retained.

"See now," she proceeded still in Irish, "what the hand of a weak woman can do, when her heart is strengthened by God, against cruelty and oppression. What made that strong man weak in my grasp? Because he knew that the weakness of the widow was his shame—the touch of her hand took away his strength; and what had he within or about him to depend on? could he look in upon his wicked heart, and be strong? could he look upon the darkness of a bad conscience, and be strong? could he look on me—upon my dead husband, and his bed of death, and be strong? No—and above all, could he look up to the Almighty God in heaven, and be strong—no—no—no—but from all these *I* gained strength—for surely, surely, I had it not in myself!"

She uttered these sentiments with wonderful energy, and indeed, from the fire in her eye, and the flush of her cheek, it was evident she was highly excited. Father Roche who had been engaged, and indeed, had enough to do in keeping the poor child quiet and aloof from the fray,

especially from his mother—now entreated that she would endeavour to compose herself, as she had reason to thank God, he said, that neither she herself or her resolute defenders, had sustained any personal injury. She did not seem to have heard him—for on looking on the body of her husband she almost bounded over to the bed, and kneeling down rapturously, and in a spirit of enthusiastic triumph, kissed his lips.

"Now, my husband," said she, "we have fought and gained the victory—no insult did you get—no dishonour on your lowly bed where you're sleepin' your last sleep. Hugh, do you know, asthore, how the wife of your heart fought for you? Your own poor, weak, sorrowful, heart-broken, but loving wife, that was as feeble as an infant this mornin'! But who gave her the strength to put down a strong and wicked man? The God—the good God—and to him be the glory!—in whose bosom you are now happy. Ay, we conquered—ha—ha—ha—we conquered—we conquered—ha—ha—ha!"

The dead body of Harper in the mean time had been removed by his companions, who it was evident felt as much, if not more bitterness at their own defeat, than they did by the fatal accident which deprived him of life.

Scarcely had the wild triumph of O'Regan's wife time to subside, when it soon became evident that the tragical incidents of this bitter and melancholy morning were not yet completed.

The child alluded to by Harman in his first brief conversation with Father Roche, had been for some time past in a much more dangerous state than his parents suspected, or at least than his unhappy mother did, whose principal care was engrossed by the situation of her husband. The poor boy, at all times affectionate and uncomplaining, felt loath to obtrude his little wants and sufferings upon her attention, knowing as he did, that owing to the nursing of his father, she was scarcely permitted three hours sleep out of the twenty-four. If he could have been afforded even the ordinary comforts of a sick bed, it is possible he might have recovered. The only drink he could call for was "the black water," as it is termed by the people, and his only nutrition a dry potatoe, which he could not take; the bed he lay upon was damp straw, yet, did this patient child never utter a syllable to dishearten his mother, or deepen the gloom which hung over the circumstances of the family, and his father's heart. When asked how he was, he uniformly replied "better," and his large lucid eyes would faintly

smile upon his poor mother, as if to give her hope, after which the desolate boy would amuse himself by handling the bed-clothes as invalids often do, or play with the humid straw of his cold and miserable bed, or strive to chat with his mother.

These details are very painful to those whose hearts are so elegantly and fashionably tender that they recoil with humane horror from scenes of humble wretchedness and destitution. It is good, however, that they should be known to exist, for we assure the great and wealthy that they actually *do* exist, and may be found in all their sharpness and melancholy truth, within the evening shadow which falls from many a proud and wealthy dwelling in this our native land.

After all it is likely, that had not the fearful occurrences of this morning taken place, their sweet boy might have been spared to them. The shock, however, occasioned by the discharge of the gun, and the noise of the conflict, acting upon a frame so feeble, were more than he could bear. Be this as it may, the constables were not many minutes gone, when, to their surprise, he staggered back again out of his little room, where Father Roche had placed him, and tottering across the floor, slipped in the deceased man's blood, and fell. The mother flew

to him, but Harman had already raised him up; when on his feet he looked at the blood and shuddered—a still more deadly paleness settled on his face—his breath came short, and his lips got dry and parched—he could not speak nor stand, had not Harman supported him. He looked again at the blood with horror, and then at his mother, whilst he shrank up, as it were, into himself, and shivered from head to foot.

"Darling of my heart," she exclaimed, "I understand you. Bryan, our treasure, be a man for the sake of your poor heart-broken mother—I will, I will, my darling life, I will wipe it off of you, every stain of it—why should such blood and my innocent son come together?"

She now got a cloth, and in a few moments left not a trace of it upon him. He had not yet spoken, but on finding himself cleansed from it, he stretched out his hands, thereby intimating that he wished to go to her.

"Do you not perceive a bottle on the shelf there?" said Harman, "it contains wine which I brought for his ——," he checked himself;—"Alas! my poor boy," he exclaimed involuntarily, "you are doubly dear to your mother *now*. Mix it with water," he proceeded, "and give him a little, it will strengthen and revive him."

"Better," said Father Roche in a low voice, not intended for his ear, "to put him back into his own bed; he is not now in a state to be made acquainted with his woeful loss."

As he spoke the boy glanced at the corpse of his father, and almost at the same moment his mother put the wine and water to his lips. He was about to taste it, but on looking into the little tin porringer that contained it, he put it away from him, and shuddered strongly.

"It's mixed with the blood," said he, "and I can't;" and again he put it away from him.

"Bryan, asthore," said his mother, "it's not blood; sure it's wine that Mr. Harman, the blessin' of God be upon him, brought to you.

He turned away again, however, and would not take it. "Bring me to my father," said he, once more stretching out his arms towards his mother, "let me stay a while with him."

"But he's asleep, Bryan," said Harman, "and I'm sure you would not wish to awaken him"

"I would like to kiss him then," he replied, "and to sleep a while with him."

"Och, let him, poor darling," said his mother, as she took him in her arms, "it may ease his little heart, and then he'll feel satisfied."

"Well, if you're allowed to go to him won't you lie very quiet, and not speak so as to disturb him?" said Harman.

"I'm tired," said the child, "and I'd like to sleep in his bed. I used sometimes to do it before, and my father always kept his arms about me."

His mother's features became convulsed, and she looked up in mute affliction to heaven; but still, notwithstanding her misery, she was unable to shed one tear.

"Pulse of my heart," (*cushla machree,*) she said, kissing him, "you must have your innocent and lovin' wish." She then gently raised the bed-clothes and placed him beside his father.

The poor pale boy sat up in the bed for about a minute, during which he glanced at the still features of the departed, then at his mother, and then at the pool of blood on the floor, and again he shuddered. All at once, however, he started, and looked about him; but in a manner that betokened delight rather than alarm—his eyes brightened—and an expression almost of radiance settled upon his face. "Mother," said he, "kiss me, and let Mr. Harman kiss me."

They both did so, and his poor mother felt her heart relieved by the happiness depicted on his face. "Glory be to God," she exclaimed, "see what a

change for the better has come over my blessed child."

Father Roche looked at Harman, and shook his head—"Blessed he will be soon," said he, in a low whisper, "the child is dying."

The boy started again, and the former serenity lit up his pale features.

"Bryan, you are better, darling of my life; you look a thousand pounds better than you did awhile ago."

The boy looked into her face and smiled.—"I am," said he, "but did you not hear it?"

"Hear what, jewel of my heart?"

"There it is again;" said he, looking eagerly and delightedly about him, "my father's voice;—that's three times it called me, but it didn't come from the bed, although he's in it. I will kiss him and then sleep—but I will miss his arms from about me, I think."

He then fixed himself beside that loving parent, aided by his mother, and getting his arm around his pulseless neck, he kissed him, and laying down his fair head, he fell asleep in that affecting posture. There was a solemn stillness for some minutes, and a strange feeling of fear crept over his mother's heart. She looked into the eyes of those who were

about her, but the looks they returned to her carried no consolation to her spirit.

"My child," she exclaimed—"Oh, my child, what is this? Bryan, my life—my light, what ails you?" She stooped, and gently turning him about so as to see his face, she looked keenly into it for a few moments, and there certainly was the same seraphic expression which so lately lit it up. Still she felt dissatisfied, till putting her ear to his mouth and her hand to his heart, the woeful truth became known to her. The guiltless spirit of her fair-haired son had followed that of his father.

When the afflicted widow saw the full extent of her loss, she clasped her hands together, and rose up with something of a hasty movement. She looked about the miserable cabin for a moment, and then peered into the face of every one in the room—all of whom, with the exception of Raymond, were in tears. She then pressed her temples, as if striving to recollect what had happened—sat down again beside her husband and child, and to their astonishment began to sing an old and melancholy Irish air, in a voice whose wild sweetness was in singular keeping with its mournful spirit.

To the bystanders this was more affecting a thousand times than the most vehement and outrageous

grief. Father Roche, however, who had had a much more comprehensive experience than his companion, knew, or at least hoped that it would not last long.

Several of the neighbours, having seen the dead body of the constable borne away, suspected that something extraordinary had occurred on the mountain, and consequently came flocking to the cabin, anxious to know the truth. By this means their acquaintances were brought about them—aid in every shape, as far as it could be afforded, was administered, and in a short time they had a little stock of meal, butter, milk, candles, and such other simple comforts as their poor friends and neighbours had to bestow. Such is the usual kindness of the Irish people to each other in the moments of destitution and sorrow. Nothing, on the present occasion, could surpass their anxiety in ascertaining the wants of this unhappy family; and in such circumstances it is that the honest promptings of the humble heart, and its sincere participation in the calamities of its kindred poor, are known to shine forth with a lustre, which nothing but its distance from the observation of the great, or their own wilful blindness to it, could prevent it from being seen and appreciated as it ought.

Having seen her surrounded by friends and neighbours, Father Roche, after first offering, as far as

he thought he could reasonably attempt it, some kind advice and consolation, prepared to take his departure with Harman, leaving Raymond behind them, who indeed refused to go. "No," said he, "I can feed Dickey here—but sure they'll want me to run messages—I'm active and soople, an' I'll go every place, for the widow can't. But tell me, is the purty boy, the fair-haired boy asleep, or what? —tell me?"

"Why do you ask, Raymond?" said Father Roche.

"Bekase I love him," replied Raymond, "and I hope he'll waken! I would like to see him kiss his father again—but I'm afeard somehow I never will. If he wakens I'll give him the cock any how—bad luck to me but I will."

"Hush," said the priest, whilst a tear started to his eye at this most artless exhibition of affection for the child—"don't swear, Raymond. The sweet boy will never waken in this world; but he will in heaven, where he is awake already, and where you will see him again."

"I would rather see him here," replied the other; "and I wish I had gev him the cock first, when he came out of the room; but what'll *she* do without his white head before her?—what'll *she* do, and not

have *that* to look at? But stop," said Raymond—"wait a minute, and we'll soon see whether he'll waken or not."

He then went into the little room where the poor child had lain during his illness, and immediately returned, bearing the cock in his hands—

"Wait," said he; "I was bringing the bird to poor little Bryan, for I promised it to him. We'll see—we'll see."

As he uttered the words, he placed the bird down on the child's bosom, and called out—

"Bryan, here's your present for you, that I promised you—won't you waken?—spake—open your blue eyes, achora machree, and look at the fine bird I brought you."

It was a most affecting little incident; for the contrast between the fiery scintillations that flashed from the eye of the noble bird, and the utter unbroken stillness of death, as its character was so mournfully impressed upon the fair sweet features of innocence, was indeed such as few parental hearts could withstand. Raymond looked awhile, as if even he had been struck by it.

"Ah no," said he, going down to his mother; "no, Mary, he will never waken—and then what will you do for Bryan's white head?"

"Whisht!" she replied; "whisht, and I'll sing you a song. I have nothing else to do now but to sing and be happy—

"'Farewell father, farewell mother,
Farewell friends, and farewell foes;
I now will go and court some other,
For love it was the causer of all my woes.'

"An' so it was," she said; "for I did love some one, I think; but who they were, or where they are gone to, I cannot tell. Is your name," she added, her eye blazing as she spoke to Raymond, "is your name M'Clutchy?"

"Say it is," suggested one of the neighbours; "may be it may startle the poor thing into her senses."

"That's not very likely," replied another, "for it has startled her out of them—God in his mercy pity her!"

Raymond, however, adopted the first suggestion, without knowing why; and said in a loud voice—

"Ay is it; my name is Val the Vulture, that commands the blood-hounds."

The creature started—became for a moment as if convulsed—then proceeded at a speed that was incredible, screaming frightfully, across the dark

and desolate scenery that surrounded the house. It was in vain to pursue her; for there was none there capable of doing it with success, unless Raymond, who understood not that she had become insane.

CHAPTER IX.

A DIALOGUE, EXHIBITING SINGULAR PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE—SOLOMON'S TRACTS AND TRIUMPH—A SINCERE CONVERT—DARBY'S VIEWS OF RELIGION—POLL DOOLIN'S HONESTY—SOLOMON'S CHRISTIAN GENEROSITY TO A MAN IN DIFFICULTY — M'LOUGHLIN AND HIS FAMILY.

THE extraordinary scene which we have just detailed as occurring in the mountain hut, took place on Saturday morning, and about twelve on the subsequent Monday, the following dialogue passed between honest Val and his son, Philip the graceful.

"That was a most unlucky accident that happened Harpur on Saturday," said Val, dryly, and looking with a good deal of significance at the other.

"Unlucky," said Phil, "faith and honour, my good father, I don't know what to think."

"You don't, Phil!" replied Val; "why, what the deuce could you deem more unlucky than to be shot stone dead, without a moment's notice."

Phil's colour went a little at the bare notion of such a fate; but on observing an expression of

peculiar complacency lurking in his father's eye, it returned again, and after a little assurance settled down into its original hue.

"To himself certainly," said Phil, "it was a bad business; no one can deny that."

"But, my excellent son, Phil, it may turn out a very lucky incident for us in the mean time. He is, Phil, a wise man in this world who can turn the misfortunes or crimes of others to his own advantage. There is Harman for instance, Phil; now I believe you are not excessively attached to him."

"I hate him as I do hell," replied Phil.

"Very good—you hate him as you do hell—well, on the other hand, there is M'Loughlin, his partner in the manufactory, and his joint lessee in their farm—now I hate him as I do—I was about to say the devil—but I feel loth to render that misrepresented gentleman an injustice—that is, if there *be* such a gentlemen—which with my worthy father I much doubt. Don't you think now it is a fortunate thing that we can indict Harman for Harpur's murder. I really think, and it is said, he murdered him. We would include the priest in the indictment as an accessory, but that might be attended with personal danger — and the less real danger we incur the better for ourselves."

"Faith and honour, father, that doctrine 's worthy of an oracle—as indeed, most of what you say is."

"But mark me, Phil; our object is simply his ruin, not his death. Let us beggar M'Loughlin and him, and drive them out of the country. No—no—not the death of either of them; on the contrary, I should wish them to live, if it was only that they might feel my revenge—and that I knew they felt it. I would not hang them if I could, for my own sake." He got pale, ground his teeth, knit his black beetle brows, and exhibited that diabolical cast of features for which he was remarkable whenever his evil passions began to stir in his heart.

"Now," said he to Phil, "keep a close mouth above all things, for we must proceed with caution. I have here a letter from Lord Cumber, in which, at my private suggestion, he declines to renew their leases. Indeed, on serious consideration, I have recently advised him to grant no renewals, except in cases where every reliance can be placed upon the principles of the parties. The want of a lease is a very wholesome restriction on the conduct of our enemies. M'Slime opposes me in this, because he cannot pocket as much as usual; but although I cannot readily break with him, still, I trust, that in a short time I shall be able to turn his flank in a

manner for which he is but little prepared. I have reason to think he is tampering with O'Drive—in fact O'Drive told me as much—O'Drive, however, is at work for me, although honest Solomon does not suspect him. The pious attorney, who is bestowing more of his attention to religion than ever, has got bitten by the Conversion *mania*, and thinks he will be charged with a neglect of his gifts, as he calls them, unless he can produce a live convert actually made by his own hands. I accordingly suggested to O'Drive to consult him on some religious scruples that he is supposed to have felt from the perusal of a tract written by M'Slime himself."

"Why," said Phil, "are you not aware that he gave me three or four dozen of them for gratuitous distribution, as he calls it. Yes, it is called 'The Religious Attorney,' being a reconcilement between honesty and law, or a blessed union between light and darkness; by Solomon M'Slime, attorney at law."

"Which tract," continued Val, "was written for the sole purpose of recommending himself to the notice of the religious world aforesaid, more, by the way, as an attorney than as a Christian. And a very good speculation it proved, for, whereas he was then scarcely able to make both ends meet by mere

professional roguery, and dressed in a black gown—which you know he always wears in court—yet he no sooner threw the cloak of religion over that, than he advanced rapidly—and the consequence is that he is now privately a usurious discounter of bills."

"Faith and honour, now, father, do you tell me so?"

"It's fact, Philip, my son, and what is more—but the truth is, that neither he nor I can afford to quarrel with each other."

"Why, father? what's that 'more' you were going to add?"

"At this present time, Phil, it must be secret—but it is arranged between him and me, that he is to succeed Harman in Beleveen; whilst you are to come in for M'Loughlin's holding."

"For which I shall have the pleasure to drink your health to-night, my old boy—upon my honour and soul you are an excellent old cock, and I'm very proud of you."

"Go ahead, Phil; no nonsense. But stay, are those fellows of mine come yet?—I shall receive their informations, and have Harman in the stone jug before night. It is a bad case of murder committed upon a man in the execution of the law, do you see, Phil, and consequently I cannot take bail."

"No, certainly not, captain—as Darby says, certainly not, plaise your worship—ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, Phil, keep quiet; it is now time that operations should seriously commence. I have gained most of my points, thank—Valentine M'Clutchy, at all events. I am Head Agent; you are my Deputy—Master of an Orange Lodge—a Magistrate, and write J.P. after my name—Captain and Paymaster in the Castle Cumber cavalry, and you Lieutenant;—and though last, not least, thanks to my zeal and activity in the Protestant cause, I am at length a member of the Grand Panel of the county. Phil, my boy, there is nothing like religion and loyalty when well managed, but otherwise—"

"They are not worth a feather," replied Phil; "right, captain—there's an oracle again."

"And, Phil, my son, what is there wrong in this? In fact there is scarcely a better capital to trade on than religion and loyalty. You know what I mean, Phil;—not the *things*, if there *be* such things, which I must beg leave to doubt; but that principle which causes one man to hate another, in proportion to its influence over him."

"Ay," said Phil, "just as you and I, who have not got a touch of religion in our whole composition, have the character of being two of the staunchest Protestants in the county."

"Yes," replied the father, "and in this case the fiction is as good and better than the truth. The fiction, Phil, under which our religion appears is our own interests—no, I am wrong—the fiction under which our interest appears is our religion—that is the way of it; and the truth is, Phil, that ninety-nine men out of every hundred will go ninety-nine miles for their interests, before they will go one for either religion or truth—that's the way of it, too. However, pass that—now about Poll Doolin and the hint I gave you?"

"Why, you know, at that time matters were not ripe for it. Don't you remember telling me so yourself?"

"I do, but I speak of your present intentions."

"Faith, my present intentions would be to marry the girl, Papist though she be, if I could; but as that's out of the question, I will now follow up your hint."

"Then you had better see Poll, and go on with it. Are you aware, besides, that the concern is tottering?"

"The manufactory? No—is that possible?"

"It is a fact; but you know not how honest Solomon and I have been at work. It is tottering, Lieutenant M'Clutchy, and in a short time you will see what you shall see."

"Well," said Phil, "so far every thing is turning out very fortunate for us—but I think, Captain, that you are one of those men who are born under what they call a lucky planet;—eh? old boy?"

"Well, I think so; but in the mean time see Poll Doolin, and after that pay a visit to my father. The old scoundrel is upon his last legs, and there can be no harm in paying him some attention now. You are not a favourite of his; so smooth him down as much as you can. I don't myself expect that he will remember either of us in his will; but, as he is hasty and capricious, it is difficult to say what effect a favourable impression might have upon him."

"Neither are *you* a favourite with Isabel, or Jezabel, as he calls her."

"No, I made a bad move there—but, after all, what did I, or rather, what could I lose by neglecting her? Did she not succeed in banishing every one of his relatives from about him? It was neither her interest nor her inclination to keep in with his friends:—go and see him, at all events; reconnoitre, and report accordingly—and now if these fellows are come let them be sent in.

Phil accordingly withdrew to follow up his own speculations, and in a few minutes our friends, who so bravely distinguished themselves in the widow's *cabin*, entered the office.

Val, like most men of his class and experience, was forced to undergo strong contests between the vanity occasioned by his success in life, and his own shrewd sense and acute perception of character. Whenever he could indulge that vanity without allowing its gratification to be perceived by others, he always did so; but if he happened to have a person to deal with, whom he suspected of a sufficiently keen penetration, his own sagacity always checked its display. No man ever puzzled him so thoroughly as O'Drive, who so varied and timed his flattery, as to keep him in a state of perpetual alternation between a perception of the fellow's knavery, and a belief in his simplicity of heart. On one occasion he would exclaim to himself or Phil, "This O'Drive is a desperate knave,—it's impossible that he can be honest;" and again, "Well, well; there is too much simplicity there, too much truth unnecessarily told, to allow me to consider that poor devil a rogue —no, he is honest." The consequence was, that Darby flattered him, and he relished it so strongly because he did not imagine it was intentional, that Darby understood his weak points, in that respect, better than any man living. This, in a country where the people are shrewd observers in general, could scarcely be supposed to escape their observation;

nor did it. Darby's manner was so naturally imitated by others, that even the keen and vigilant Valentine M'Clutchy was frequently over-reached without being at all conscious of the fact.

When the men of the Castle Cumber corps came in, they found their captain sitting, or rather lolling, in a deep seated arm-chair, dressed in a morning gown and red morocco slippers. He was, or appeared to be, deeply engaged over a pile of papers, parchments, and letters, and for about a minute raised not his head. At length he drew a long breath, and exclaimed in a soliloquy—"just so, my Lord, just so; every man that scruples to support the Protestant interests will meet no countenance from you;—'nor shall he, Mr. M'Clutchy, from you, as my representative,' you add—'and I beg you'—he went on to read a few lines further—'to transmit me the names and capacities of all those who are duly active on my property in suppressing disturbance, convicting criminals, and preserving the peace; especially those who are remarkable for loyal and constitutional principles; such are the men we will cherish, such are the men we must and ought to serve.' It is very true, my Lord, it is very true indeed, and—"oh! my good friends I beg your pardon! I hadn't noticed you—oh, dear me! how is this? why I didn't

imagine you had been so sadly abused as all this comes to—this is dreadful, and all in resisting the king's warrant against the murderer. But how did it happen that this Harman murdered our poor friend Harpur ?"

"Harpur is done for, captain, sure enough; there's no doubt of that."

" Well, it's one comfort that we live in a country where there is justice, my friends. Of course you will prosecute him for this diabolical murder; I sent for you to receive your informations, and we shall lodge him in gaol before night."

"I would rather prosecute that blackguard Rimon a Hattha," said a man, whose head was awfully swollen and bound up with a handkerchief, " Rimon, captain, is the greatest rascal of the two—he is, by Japurs."

" Yes, but is he not an idiot, Johnston? In point of law he is only a fiction, and cannot be prosecuted."

" Fiction, captain? Sowl, I don't know what you call a fiction—but if I'm guessin' properly, hell to the much of it was in his blows—look at how my head is, and I wish you could see my ribs, plaise your worship."

" Well, but let us come to the most important matter first—and before I go further, my friends and brothers, I would just throw out for your satis-

faction a few observations that I wish to impress upon you. Recollect that in this business, and in every business like it, you must have the pleasure at least of reflecting that you have now a magistrate who will see that all due care is taken of your interests—who will accompany your proceedings step by step, and see that all is as it ought to be. That is not partiality, my dear friends; that is not favour nor affection, nor leaning *to* you; no, nor,—ha, ha, ha, leaning *from* you either, my friends."

"Long life to your worship! Long life to you, captain! You're the right sort, and no mistake."

"M'Dowel, what detained you from your lodge on Thursday night?"

"I was buying a springer in Rush fair, and didn't get home in time, your worship."

"Well, M'Dowel, mark me,—I neither can, nor will, overlook neglect in these matters. The man that neglects them wilfully, is a man I won't depend upon—and two of your neighbours were absent from parade on Wednesday week. Now, it's really too bad to expect that I, or any other gentleman in the country, will exert ourselves so strenuously to sustain and extend our own principles, or to speak plainly, to keep them up,—to maintain our ascendancy,—if we cannot reckon upon the earnest and cordial support

of those for whose sake we take all this trouble—upon my honour it's a shame."

"It *is* a shame, captain, and I say that here's one," placing his hand upon his heart, "of the right kidney. By the holy William, there is."

"We're all so, your worship," replied Sharpe, and sure every one knows it—"but, plaise your honour, what's to be done about Harman?"

"Why, prosecute him for the murder of course."

"But then," said one of them, "sure Harman didn't murder him, captain—among ourselves, it was all accident."

M'Clutchy seemed surprised at this, and after hearing their individual opinions, which, indeed, conflicted very much, some positively asserting that he did, and others that he did not, murder the man, he began to view the matter in a somewhat different and more cautious light. He mused for some time, however, and after a second and more deliberate investigation, finding that there were two for the murder and only one against it, he at length took their informations resolving to bring the matter to trial at all hazards. The warrant for Harman's apprehension was accordingly issued, and entrusted to about a dozen of the most resolute fellows in his corps; who so far enabled our magistrate to fulfil

his intention, that they lodged his enemy in the county prison that very night.

The next morning, when reading the papers, our captain was not a little surprized at reading in one of them an advertisement to the following effect:—

"To the Public—Found, in the office of Mr. Solomon M'Slime, a Bank of Ireland Note, of large amount. The person losing it may have it by giving a proper description of same, and paying the expenses of this advertisement. N.B.—It is expected, as the loser of the note must be in affluent circumstances, that he will, from principles of Christian sympathy, contribute, or enable some Christian friend to contribute, a moderate donation to some of our greatest public charities. Thus will that which at the first view, appears to be a serious calamity, be made, under Him, a blessing and a consolation, not only to the wealthy individual who lost the money, but to some of our destitute fellow creatures. This, however, is not named as a condition, but merely as a suggestion, offered from motives of benignity and duty.

"Also, just published, *the Religious Attorney;* being a reconcilement between Honesty and Law; or a blessed Union between Light and Darkness. By S. M'S. Tenth Thousand.

"Also, in the Press, and will soon be published, done up neatly in foolscap, and rogue's binding for cheapness, by the same author, *the Converted Bailiff;* being designed as a companion to *the Religious Attorney.* These productions need not be sought for with any of the profane booksellers of the city; but only at the Religious Depositories, or at those godly establishments in Sackville-street and College-green."

This, however, was not all. In a different column appeared the following; which, however, did not surprise M'Clutchy:—

"*Glorious Triumph of Religious Truth!*

"In another part of our paper, our readers will perceive in an advertisement, an additional proof, if such were necessary, of the strong integrity of that ornament to his profession, both as an Attorney and Christian, Mr. Solomon M'Slime. This gentleman, whilst he devotes himself, with a pure and guileless heart, to the extensive practice which his high principles and great skill have gained him in his profession, does not neglect the still higher and more important interests of himself and his fellow creatures. It is a gracious thing to know that a spirit of deep and earnest inquiry is now abroad, by which hundreds are, under God, brought from darkness to

light—from the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, out into the freedom of perfect day. Verily there is a New Reformation abroad—the strongholds of Popery are fast falling one after another. In the neighbourhood of Mount-starve-'em, the spirit has been poured out most abundantly; and this manifestation is the more gracious, when we reflect that the dreadful famine which now prevails throughout the country, has been made (always under Him) the precious but trying means of bringing the poor benighted creatures to taste the fruits of a better faith. Nothing, indeed, can equal the bounty of that excellent nobleman, Lord ——, who supplies beef and blankets—bibles and bread—to those who may be likened to the multitude that were fed so miraculously in the wilderness—that is to say, who followed the good shepherd for his doctrine, and were filled with bread. Mr. M'Slime, who has within his own humble sphere not been inactive, can boast at least of having plucked one brand out of the burning, in the person of Darby O'Drive, the respectable bailiff of Valentine M'Clutchy, Esq., the benevolent agent of the Castle Cumber estate—to which Mr. M'Slime himself is law agent. It is understood that on next Sabbath (D. v.) Mr. O'Drive will make a public profession of his faith—or, in other words, "that he will recant the errors of Popery, and em-

brace those of Protestantism."* The merit of his conversion is due—but merit there is none—to Mr. M'Slime, or rather to his two very popular and searching tracts, called 'Spiritual Food for Babes of Grace,' and 'The Religious Attorney,' which he had placed for perusal in Mr. O'Drive's hands. Mr. O'Drive now declares himself a Babe of Grace, and free from the bonds of sin; or, as he more simply, but truthfully and characteristically expresses it—a beautiful specimen indeed of his simplicity of views —"he is replevined from the pound of human frailty —no longer likely to be brought to the devil's auction, or knocked down to Satan as a bad bargain." For ourselves, we cannot help thinking that this undoubted triumph of religious truth, in the person of Mr. Darby O'Drive, is as creditable to the zeal of Mr. M'Slime, as it is to his sincerity. Encouraged by this great success, Mr. M'Slime, seconded by several of our leading controversialists, has succeeded in getting up a polemical discussion, on the merits of the Protestant and Popish creeds. The particulars have not been decided upon, but they shall probably appear in an early number of our paper. In the mean time we are authorised by Mr.

* This expression has been attributed to Faulkner, the printer of Swift's works; but it is much more likely that it belongs to the Dean himself.

Darby O'Drive to issue a formal challenge to a Popish and idolatrous bailiff in Ireland, to disc with him the relative powers, warrants, proces triumphs, conflagrations, and executions of their spective churches."

He had scarcely finished this characteristic pa graph, when O'Drive's knock, as usual, was hea and in a few minutes the redoubted champion challenger entered. There was a knavish demu ness about him, and a kind of comic solemnity in small cunning grey eye, that no painter could co

"Why, you scoundrel," said Val, "you're o doing the thing altogether; is it possible t M'Slime is such a spooney as not to see thro you?"

"Ah, captain, you don't make any allowance my simplicity—sure you know, sir, I must g young and innocent, if I'm to become *a babe of gr* your worship."

"But what's the meaning of all this work ab discussions and such stuff?"

"Faith, sir, it's all thrue enough at any ra we're to have a religious field day here in the Sessi house of Castle Cumber; the whole thing is re lated—the seconds, and bottle houlders, and al appointed. There's the Rev. Christopher Gamm Rev. Vesuvius M'Slug, who's powerful against pop

—the Rev. Bernard Brimstone, and the Rev. Phineas Lucre, with many more, on the side of thruth. On that of Popery and falsehood there's the Rev. Father M'Stake, the Rev. Father O'Flary, the Rev. Father M'Fire, and the Rev. Nicholos O'Scorch, D.D. Dr. Sombre is to be second on our side; and Father M'Fud on the part of Popery and idolatry."

"And when is this precious spouting match to take place, you rascal?"

"Why, Sir, on Monday week; and on next Sunday, Sir, I'm to read my rekintation, plase God."

"But I didn't intend that you should go to such lengths as that—however, that's your own affair."

"But, captain ahagur, sure it's on your account I'm doin' it—won't it enable me to get the blind side of him about one or two things we want to come at."

"Indeed, I believe certainly, that if he has a blind side at all, it is his own hypocrisy."

"Be my sowl, and it'll go hard or we'll worm out the sacret we want. There is one thing I'm sartin of, he thinks, now that I'm turnin' by the way, that I'm ready to desart and desave you, captain—an' indeed he says many things of you that he ought not to say."

"Let us hear them."

"Why, sir, he said the other day—but sorra one o' me likes to be repeatin' these things."

"Come, come, you rascal, out with it."

"He said, Sir, that he feared the divil had a hard howlt o' you—that was the day I brought him the last letter, Sir—that your heart, captain, was full o' desate, and damnably wicked, plase you worship, and that if you didn't improve your moral you'd go where there is—something about gnashing of teeth, your honour."

"He's a double distilled scoundrel," replied Val bitterly, "and although I know him well, I am determined still, to know him better."

"Double distilled!—ay, faith, rectified many degrees above proof; but never mind; if I don't put spoke in his wheel, I'm not here."

"Well, never mind now, either—give the hypocritical little scoundrel this letter."

"I will, and thank you, captain! God bless your honour, and grant you 'long to reign over us, happy and glorious, God save the king! amin.' You see, captain, I've the right strain of loyalty in me any how, ha, ha, ha! Throth, if I ever change in airnest, it isn't among the yallow bellies I'll go; but into his majesty's own church, captain Val—the brave church where they have the bells, and the big blessed lookin' bishops, and their organs and coaches; aye, faith, and where every thing is dacent and

gintlemanly. Sure blood alive, captain Val, beggin' your pardon, what's the use of a religion if it's not respectable and ginteel? What signifies a ministher of any religion, if he hasn't a fat purse in his pocket, and a good round belly before him, for that shows, plaise your worship, that religion is more than a name, any how;—an' upon my conscience—oh, holy Moses, captain Val, if M'Slime was to hear me swearin' this way! God pardon me! howandever, but upon my conscience, it isn't the religion that keeps a man poor, but the religion that puts the flesh on his bones, and keeps it there, that is the right one—aye, and not only that, but that keeps a good coat to his back, your honour and a good pair of breeches to his posterals—for which raison, whenever I do *sariously* turn, it'll be—but you may guess—it'll be to the only true and loyal church;—for when a man can get both fat, and loyal, and religious, all at one move, he's a confounded fool that won't become religious."

This certainly, though not intended, for it was a true and bitter comment upon the principles of such men as M'Clutchy, who considered a profane and licentious attachment to a mere Establishment as a high duty, not because that establishment was the exponent of divine truth; but of a mere political symbol,

adopted by subordinate and secular aids, to bind men of the same principles together."

"Begone, you rascal, and confound your dissertation. Go and deliver the letter, as I desired you, and bring an answer."

"Sartinly, captain, and will have an eye about me, into the bargain. How is captain Phil, Sir, before I go?"

M'Clutchy made a motion of indignation, but could not, in the mean time, altogether repress a smile and Darby taking his hat with a kind of shrewd and confidential grin, ran out of the office.

Our narrative now passes to the house of Pat Doolin, which was situated in a row of cottages towards the north side of Castle Cumber. Her son Raymond, and she, were its only inmates, and the former was in the act of replacing a hat among the *tria juncta in uno*, which he always wore.

"Raymond," said his mother, "now that you've got your supper, you must keep house till I come back."

"Must I indeed?—why must I? answer me that, there now, that's one."

"Becase I'm goin' out on business."

"What business?—where to?—what brought

Phil M'Clutchy here yestherday?—tell me that—eh?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you that, Raymond."

"Don't do anything for Phil, he's Val's son, that keeps the blood hounds. Ah, poor Bryan, and his white head—no, he'll never waken—never waken—an' what has she now to look at! Mother, I'd give all the cocks I ever had to see him and his white head in his mother's arms again—God's curse on Val! God's curse on him! I hate him—I hate Phil—I hate all of them—don't, mother; do nothing for them."

"You foolish boy, what do you know about it?—keep the house till I come back, and I'll bring you a pennyworth of tobaccy?"

"But you will go," said Raymond.

"I must, you fool."

"Very well, then, take it out o' that—there now, that's one."

It was now drawing on towards dusk, and Poll assuming her black bonnet, and throwing her black cloak about her shoulders, sallied out with that furtive air which always accompanies one who is conscious of something that requires concealment. Her motions always were rapid, but on this occasion she walked like one whose mind brooded over difficulties.

—sometimes she went very quick, then slackene her pace, and once or twice stood still, musing wit her right hand to her chin. At length she reache the residence of Bryan M'Loughlin, just after nigl had set in—she entered not, but glided about th house, waited, watched, listened, and peeped int the house, very like a thief that was setting th premises. Ultimately she took her stand at a pa ticular window in the rere of the building, where sh kept watch with great patience, though for what pu pose it would appear very difficult to guess. Patienc however, is often rewarded, and it was so in the ca before us. After about half an hour a light fe through the glass, and Poll availing herself of th opportunity, tapped gently : at first it was n noticed, and she tapped again, somewhat louder this was successful—a gentle voice inquired in ton more of surprise than alarm, " who is there, an what is your business ?"

" A friend," said Poll.

" Poll Doolin !"

" The same, and I'm here on a case of life an death. Could you come out for a start—thre minutes will do."

" Certainly not—you trifled unnecessarily with my feelings before—I will have no more mysteries. I

can raise the window, however, and any thing you have to say can be said where we stand." She raised the sash as she spoke, "Now," said she, "what is your business, Poll?"

"Life and death, as I said," replied Poll, "do you not know that Mr. Harman is to be tried for murder, and that the assizes will open in a few days?"

"Unfortunately I do," replied Mary, sighing deeply, "but there can be no doubt of his acquittal. Father Roche has been here, who was present, and told us how the whole circumstances occurred."

"I don't doubt that," said Poll, "but this I tell you, and this you may rely on, that hang he will, in spite of fate; he's doomed."

"Great God!" exclaimed the now terrified girl, "you chill the blood in my veins—doomed!—what do you mean, Poll?"

"M'Clutchy will have him hanged in spite of all opposition—you know his power now—he can carry every thing his own way."

"I know," replied the other, "that his influence is unfortunately great, no doubt, and cruelly is it exercised; but still, I don't know that he can carry everything his own way."

"Do you know what packing a jury means?"

"Alas!" replied Mary, starting, and getting pale, "I do indeed, Poll. I have heard of it too frequently."

"What, then, has the Vulture, the blood-hound, to do but to get twelve Orangemen upon the jury, and the work is done?"

The unhappy girl burst into tears, and wrung her hands, for, however questionable the veracity of her present informant, she knew, from the unfortunate circumstances of the country, that such corrupt influences had too frequently been exerted.

"Don't you know," added Poll, "that the thing can be done? Isn't the sheriff himself an Orangeman—isn't the sub-sheriff an Orangeman—isn't the grand jury Orange, aren't they all Orange through other?"

"I believe so, indeed," said Mary, still weeping bitterly, "and there is, I fear, little or no hope."

"Well, but," replied Poll, "what if I could give you hope?"

"You, Poll, what can you mean? You!"

"Yes, me," said Poll, "poor as I stand here now."

"Well, but how?"

"Through them that can turn ould Val the Vulture round their finger. What do you think brought me here—or who do you think sent me? Don't you know that I have no raison to like a bone in the

skin of one o' your family, and that it's more, of coorse, to plaise others than myself that I'm here; but, over and above that, you, Miss M'Loughlin, never offended or injured me, and I'm willin' to sarve you in this business, if you will sarve yourself."

"But, how—but, how?" replied the distracted girl, "only tell me how?"

"There is one, and only one, that can twist Val round his finger, and in this same business is willing to do so—and that one is his own son, Phil."

Mary stood for a moment without even breathing; indeed, she exhibited strong symptoms of disgust at his very name.

"He is a person I detest," she replied, "beyond any human creature."

"That may be," said Poll, "but still he can save the man that is to be your husband; and that's what you ought to think of—the time is short now, and the loss of a day may ruin all. Listen, Miss M'Loughlin:—Mr. Phil desired me to say to you, that if you will allow him a few minutes conversation with you behind the garden, about dusk or a little after it, he'll satisfy you that he can and will save him—but it *must* be on the condition of seeing you, as I say."

"Let him be generous," she replied, "and impose no such condition."

"He won't interfare on any other terms," replied Poll; "he knows, it seems, that you have an unfavourable opinion of him, and he wishes to prove to you that he doesn't desarve it."

Mary paused for some time, and appeared very much distressed. I fear, thought she, it is selfish in me to think of my own feelings, or to have a moment's hesitation in sacrificing them to his safety. It is, certainly, a disgusting task to meet this man; but what ought I not to do, consistent with conscious rectitude of motive, to save my dear Harman's life, for I fear the circumstances come to that.

"Well, then, Poll, if I meet this man, mark me, it is solely for the purpose of striving to save Mr. Harman's life; and observe, because Mr. M'Clutchy is ungenerous enough to make my meeting him the condition of his interference."

"That," said Poll, "is for yourself to consider; but surely you would be a strange girl, if you refused to meet him for such a purpose. That would be a quare way of showing your love to Mr. Harman."

"I shall meet him then," said Mary, "at the style behind the garden; and may God direct and protect me in what I purpose!"

Poll gave no *amen* to this, as it might be supposed she would have done, but simply said—

"I am glad, Miss M'Loughlin, that you're doin' what you are doin'. It'll be a comfort may be to yourself to reflect on it hereafther. Good night, Miss!"

Mary bade her good night, and after closing the shutters of her room which she had come to do, retired; and with an anxious heart returned to the parlour.

M'Loughlin's family consisted of three sons and but one daughter, Mary, with whom our readers are already acquainted. The eldest, James, was a fine young man of twenty three; the second, Tom, was younger than Mary, who then was entering her twenty-first; and the youngest, called Bryan, after his father, was only eighteen. The honest fellow's brow was clouded with a deep expression of melancholy, and he sat for some time silent after Mary's return to the parlour. At length he said in a kind of soliloquy—

I wish, *Raymond-na-hattha*, you had been behind the Slievbeen Mountains that bitter morning you came for James Harman!"

"If he had," said Tom, "poor James wouldn't be where he is to night."

"But I hope father," said Mary, in a voice which though it trembled a little, yet expressed a certain portion of confidence—"I hope as it was an accident, that there will not be any serious risk."

"I would be sorry to take any hope out of your heart that's in it, Mary; but, still, I can't forget that Val the Vulture's his bitterest enemy—and we all know what he's capable of doing. His son, too, graceful Phil, is still worse against him than the father, especially ever since Harman pulled his nose for what he said of Mary here. Did I ever mention it to you?

"No, Sir," replied Mary, colouring without exactly knowing why, "you never did."

"I was present," said young Bryan, "but it wasn't so much for what he said, for he got afraid, but *the way he looked.*"

"The scoundrel," said James, indignantly, "well Bryan—"

"'Twas at the Ball Alley," proceeded the young fellow, "in Castle Cumber; Mary was passing homewards, and Phil was speaking to long Tom Sharpe, father to one of the blood-hounds. 'That's a purty girl,' said Sharpe, 'who is she? Oh,' says Phil, 'an acquaintance of mine—but I can say no more—honour bright,' and he winked one of his

squinting eyes as he spoke. James Harman who was standing behind him stepped forward, 'but I can say more,' said he, 'she's daughter to Bryan M'Loughlin, and *no acquaintance of yours*—and what is more, never will be; ay, and what is more,' said James, 'here is a proof of it;' and as he spoke he pulled Phil's proboscis, and then wiped his fingers in his purty face. Now you cowardly scoundrel,' he added, 'let that teach you not to speak of any respectable female in such a tone, or to claim an acquaintance where you have it not.'"

"Never mind, my good fellow," said Phil, "I'll make you smoke for this."

"You know where I am to be found," said James, "and your remedy too; but you haven't the spirit to take it like a man—and so I leave you with the white feather in your cap."

This anecdote for various reasons distressed Mary beyond belief. It increased her detestation of young Mr. Clutchy to the highest possible pitch, and rendered the very thought of him doubly odious to her heart. Her understanding became bewildered, and for a while she knew not what she said or did. Taking a candle and attempting to conceal her agitation, she withdrew again to her own room, where she sat for nearly half an hour endeavouring to shape

her tumultuous thoughts into something of clearness and order.

M'Loughlin's brow, however, after her departure, still remained clouded. "Misfortunes they say," said he, "never come single; here is our lease out, and we will not get a renewal notwithstanding the fine we offered—and to mend the matter some good friend has spread a report that the firm of M'Loughlin and Harman is unsafe. Our creditors are coming down upon us fast—but it's the way of the world, every one striving to keep himself safe. If these men were not set upon us by some coward in the dark, there would be neither loss nor risk to them nor to us; but if they press on us out of the usual course, I fear we wont be able to stand it. Then poor Harman too! heighonee!"

After some further conversation, in which it was clear that M'Clutchy's and M'Slime's manœuvres had begun to develope themselves, Mary rejoined them. Her countenance on her return was evidently more composed, and impressed with a more decided, perhaps, we should say, determined character. She had made her mind up. M'Clutchy, junior, was no doubt one of the most detestable of men, but as she knew that she hated him, and felt a perfect consciousness of all that was truthful, and pure, and cautious

in herself, she came once more to the resolution of sacrificing her own disgust to the noble object of saving her lover. Besides, it was by no means an unreasonable hope on her part; for such was the state of party and political feeling at the time, that wiser and more experienced heads would have calculated rightly, and calculated as she did.

"Father," said she, on returning to the parlour, "don't be cast down too much about Harman—I think, considering every thing, that his case is far from being hopeless. There is Father Roche—as for poor Mary O'Regan, in consequence of her insanity, she unfortunately can be of no use—and one of the bloodhounds are against the two others. Now, two to two, is surely strong evidence in his favour."

She did not, however, make the slightest allusion to the grounds on which she actually did rest her hope—that is to say, on Phil's influence over his father.

M'Loughlin was glad to see that her spirits were so much more improved than they had been; and so far from uttering any thing calculated to depress them, he appeared to feel much more easy in his mind than before—and, perhaps, actually did so.

"Well," said he to his wife, who was a woman of

few words but deep feeling; "Kathleen, will you see that we get a glass of punch—the boys and I; there can be no harm surely in drinking a——; but it's time enough to drink it when we see the liquor before us. Mary, avourneen, as you are activer than your mother, will you undertake that duty?—do, avillish machree."

In a few minutes Mary quietly but actively had the decanter, sugar, and hot water before them; and Bryan, having mixed a tumbler for himself, and shoved the materials over to his two eldest boys, resumed the conversation.

"Come, boys; are you mixed?"

"All ready, Sir."

"Well, here's that James Harman may triumph over his enemies!"

This was drank, we need not say, with an anxious and sincere heart.

"Do you know now," said M'Loughlin, "that I think there's a very great difference between little M'Slime, and that Vulture of hell, M'Clutchy. The little fellow came riding past to-day, and seeing me in the field, he beckoned to me:—

"'I hope,' says he, 'that certain reports, which I was sorry to hear of, are unfounded?'

"'What reports, Mr. M'Slime?' says I to him.

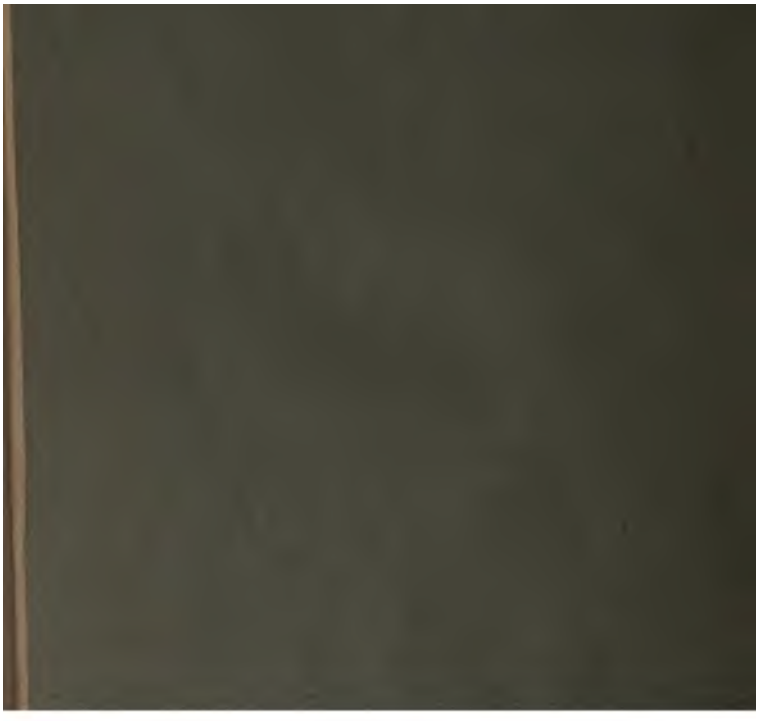
"'Why,' said he, 'it is not out of idle curiosity that I make the inquiry, but I trust from better and more Christian motives;' and, upon my conscience, the little fellow turned up his eyes towards heaven, in a way that would shame Father Roche himself. Faith, if there wasn't truth there, I don't know where you could get it. 'The reports I speak of,' says he, 'touch the solvency of your firm.'

"'Able to pay fifty shillings in the pound,' said I, not willing to encourage the outcry.

"'I'm delighted to hear it,' says generous little Solomon; 'but all I have to say is, that if it had been otherwise, or should it actually be otherwise, so far as a few hundred pounds go, you may draw upon a man—a sinner—a frail mortal and an unworthy—named Solomon M'Slime. This,' he went on, 'is not mere worldly friendship, Mr. M'Loughlin, that promises much until the necessity arrives, and then do all such promises flee as it were into the wilderness. 'No, my friend,' says the warm hearted little saint, 'no, my friend, these offers are founded not on my own strength, so to say, but upon those blessed precepts, Mr. M'Loughlin, which teach us to love our neighbours as ourselves—and to do unto others even as we wish they should do unto us.' He squeezed my hand, and whispered in my ear—

'As far as three hundred pounds go, should you require it, rely on me; but harkee,' says he, 'and now,'—well, here's his health—!—'and now,'—oh! I knew he was in earnest—'and now,' says he, 'one word with you—I trust—I hope, I may say, that I am a Christian man, who would not speak aught against my neighbour; but this, out of a principle of Christian kindness, I *will* say;—beware of Valentine M'Clutchy. It is known, *there!*'said he, pointing his finger, and turning up his eyes to heaven—'it is known *there* from what motives I speak this. I am glad I saw thee—peace be with thee—farewell, and do not despise or overlook my services, or my poor sinful offers.'

"Now," said the simple minded but upright and unsuspicious man, "I.do say that was no every day offer. I would be glad to hear M'Clutchy make such an offer to any man—for which reason here's little Solomon's health once more, and long life to him!"

END OF VOL. 1.

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